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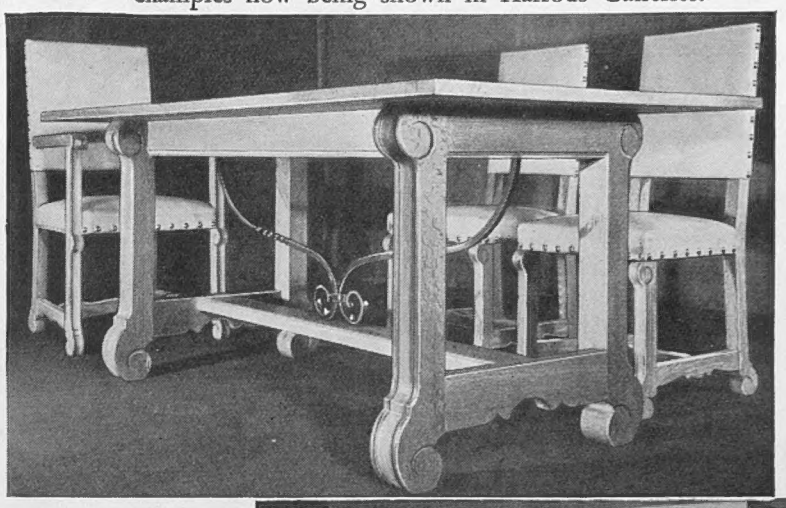

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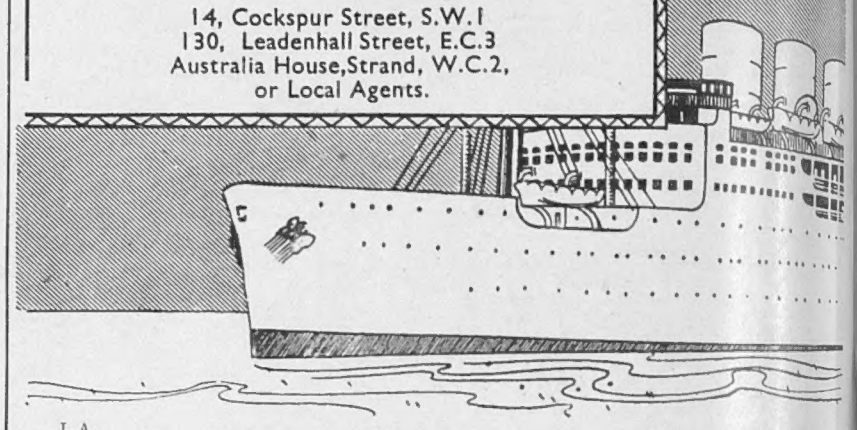

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With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, April 28, 1934

A MARINE RESCUE FROM THE AIR

An Air Pilot Brings Aid to a Yacht Sinking in the Channel

The aeroplane proved its value as a saviour of life last week. The air-liner running from Jersey to Heston noticed the motor yacht, *Cormorant*, flying signals of distress. She had split a stern tube—through which runs the propeller-shaft—and the inrush of water was gaining on both improvised plugs and pumps. The machine flew to bring succour and informed a near-by ship of *Cormorant's* need. It then went to Heston and informed the Admiralty. Another aeroplane, belonging to a great daily newspaper, was also despatched to the rescue and by circling round the stricken vessel and wireless to Croydon, enabled the authorities to locate her with ease. The U.S. steamer *Arizpa* took *Cormorant* in tow to Portsmouth where repairs were made. Undaunted by their mishap, the motor yacht's party intend to resume their interrupted cruise

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A LONDON NEWSLETTER

PRIMROSE DAY—IN HONOUR OF THE "GREAT IMPERIALIST": Members of the Primrose League on their annual pilgrimage to Hughenden Manor, the home of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield, where his grave is adorned with wreaths of his favourite flower. The Marquess of Dufferin and Ava is seen above carrying the wreaths, with Major Disraeli on his left. As Pitt was called the "Great Commoner" (although he went to the Lords!) Dizzy should be termed the "Great Imperialist."

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, April 25, 1934.

BUDGET: SECOND IMPRESSIONS.—The Budget was very well received on the whole. It spelt safety, sanity, and success, all very good things in business. Even the ranks of Tuscany could scarce forbear to cheer, though Italy managed, by a great effort, to stand out from the chorus of Europe's generous praise, and America, not unnaturally, made a few invidious references to War Debts unpaid. At home, the Opposition, or that part of it which wrongly believes that the only business of an Opposition is to oppose destructively, lowered the standard of Budget debate and emptied a more or less satisfied House. Mr. Chamberlain's Budget was unfolded with commendable brevity and is easily comprehended by laymen. That there would be a high percentage of citizens who would at least voice disappointment was quite inevitable, yet I feel convinced there was generally felt more relief than disappointment. The workless have been given preferential treatment, the huge class affected by the pay cuts have got half those cuts restored and a good hope next year of the rest. As for the income-tax payer, "6d. off," which means so much to the Exchequer, means to the family man who, say, earns about £800 and may have a joint private income of £500 or so, something between £10 and £15 per annum, no more. The effect therefore is moral rather than material. Did Mr. Chamberlain manage to spring a surprise on the know-alls? He got nearest it with his horse-power tax reduction. It will be very welcome to the manufacturers who will be able now to standardize cars of a higher horse-power which will be capable of competing in the colonial and overseas markets and at the same time be not beyond the range of home buyers.

ONE MAN'S MEAT.—But will it be equally attractive to poor Mr. Stanley? The new campaign for road safety was launched some weeks ago. Road deaths show no signs of diminution as yet. The Roads Improvement Association in its forty-seventh annual report made it horribly clear that, despite all we have done to despoil the countryside with speed tracks and ribbon development, traffic on the roads has hopelessly outgrown the roads and at least £50,000,000 more is urgently needed for road development. It is enough to make one dizzy. Inadequate roads and hideous casualties! And on top of that, such an inducement held out to those who are not car owners to become motorists without loss of time as was never before offered! I think Mr. Stanley must have frowned when his colleague announced this generous concession, and may well have decided to fold his hands and count the corpses. For the implications of this stimulus to motor manufacture are a nightmare, and the way in which one national interest runs counter to another, making the problems of government insoluble, is fearfully exemplified. Before the new Road Safety Bill is rough-hewn, all is to do again.

SPORTSMANSHIP IN POLITICS: Mr. John Foot (right) congratulates Mr. H. Drummond Wolff (centre) on his victory in the Basingstoke by-election. On left is Mrs. Drummond Wolff and next to her Mr. J. W. Barker (Labour). The Liberal vote rose by 3,000; the Labour figure remained almost static

THE FRENCH NOTE.—Sir John Simon and Mr. Eden spent some of last week scratching their heads over the latest French Note on Disarmament; perhaps Lord Tyrrell, newly returned from Paris, will be able to assist them to comprehend Gallic logic. "It is the duty of the Disarmament Conference," said France in her beautiful prose, "to resume its labours. France has remained faithful, and will continue faithful to those principles which have always inspired the General Commission, and to the Statutes of the League of Nations which is the safeguard of the peace of the world." What can a man of honour say more? What can he ask more? In the face of those beautiful periods, has he the heart to declare that faith without deeds is vain? That to have faith in the League and to keep your powder dry, are incompatible principles? Yet it cannot be denied that the "most logical nation" adheres to these illogicalities and that, without pausing for breath after uttering those amiable platitudes, France declares her determination to place her own security still and always in the forefront of her preoccupations. And France's faith goes further. She has not the smallest doubt that at the forthcoming session she will still retain the co-operation of Europe's patient ass, so patiently ridden in the service of Europe by Sir John and Mr. Eden, sitting back to back. And no doubt France's faith will be justified. The whole question of disarmament remains one of the greatest historical mysteries of all time. Either Germany is arming to the hilt (in which case France is justified in declaring at least that she is arming for a war of aggression), or else she is not doing more in that direction than she feels she can do by stretching to the full every point under the restrictive covenants which bind her, in order to render herself as fit as possible to resist attack. Yet the one nation which refuses to investigate or try to understand what is happening in Germany and the mentality of the German nation, is France. Hundreds of Englishmen and other European nationals flock to Germany to examine Nazi movements on the spot. The Frenchman refuses to enter Germany, and thrives on his suspicions which grow in the telling. And yet even for Englishmen the mystery remains. Here, of all Press opinions, is the Italian Press declaring to our intense surprise that the intransigeance of France is largely due to Germany's attitude. An historical mystery of the first water.

SOLDIERS OF THE SICK form a Guard of Hon... Margaret Hospital (Queen Mary's Wing) ... during the extensive tour she and the ...

SHAKESPEARE, SUMMER-TIME, SWALLOWS, ETC.—The week past produced a number of, to me, pleasant annual events. The Shakespeare Spring Festival opened at Stratford-on-Avon with speeches by politicians and a performance of what was without doubt Shakespeare's last play—*The Tempest*. Not the most appropriate play for the opening night. Clearly *As You Like It* is cut out for that role. But the changes must be rung and the selection for this year does not attract me as much as usual—*Tempest*, *Twelfth Night*, *Much Ado*, *Julius Cæsar*, *Henry V*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and *Love's Labour's Lost*. The last named was chosen as the birthday play, and is the one I hope to see at Stratford this year. Then Mr. Willett's masterpiece had its opening performance, with the usual accompaniment of catcalls from cranks and artificial light-producers. It is a performance which suits my habits of life. These earnests of summer brought out other old favourites. The old lady of Heffel released the first cuckoo which put to shame the small boys who infringe his copyright and deceive the sweet old vicar at Slocum Episcopi year after year; primroses came into the news and swallows bringing no summer, and the flannelled fools emerged for trials (secret and otherwise) with bat and ball on the green spaces all over the country. Bushby, Woodfull, Bradman, and Co. are here. Summer sights, summer sounds, and summer scents; restored cuts, and reduced taxation—in a word, it's all mighty well!

OUR GREATEST CENTENARY.—Mr. Louis Parker's timely reminder that the hour has already come to prepare seriously for the greatest centenary of this century hit me with a nasty shock over the swift and insidious passage of time. Is it possible that we are already on the

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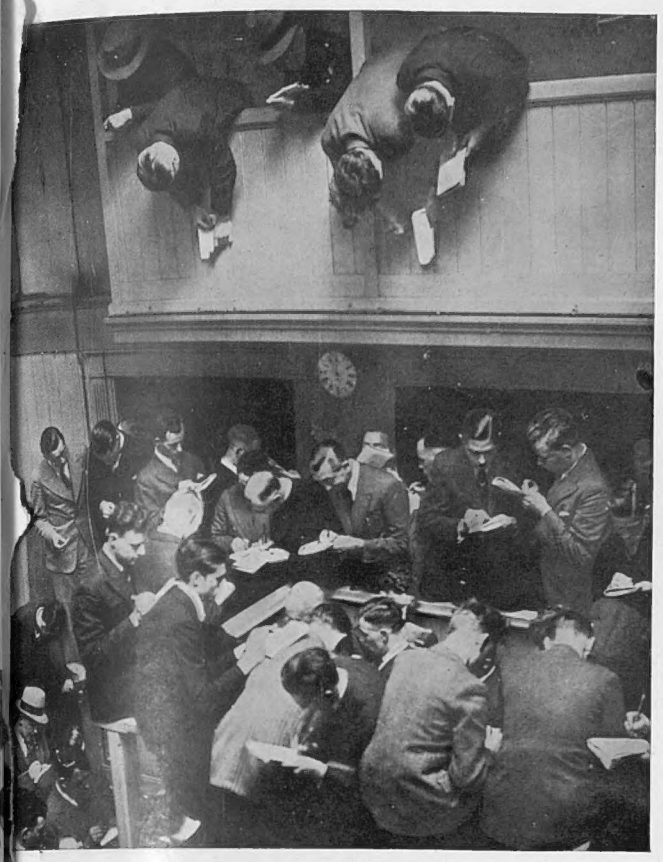
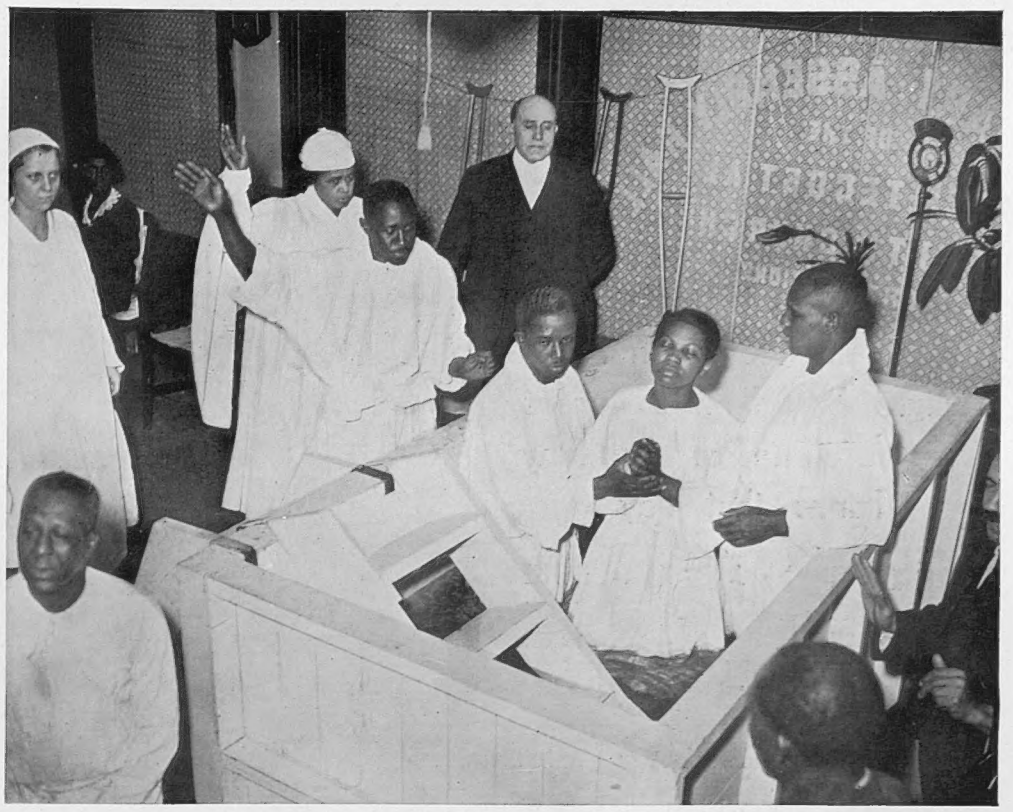


WHERE MONEY GOES UP IN SMOKE: The Sumatra Tobacco Auction at Frascati's, Amsterdam, Holland. Ladies were admitted this year to the galleries for the first time in its history. Note the buyers leaning over the gallery and marking their catalogues



HALLELUJAH! One of the weekly baptismal services at the Pentecostal Faith Church, Harlem—the negro quarter of New York. The moment here recorded shows the blessing immediately preceding the immersion. Thaumaturgic healing is recorded at these manifestations of orgiastic religious emotion; crutches cast aside by the halt who have been "cured" line the wall

Corps, engaged in training and manœuvres at Long Valley, Aldershot. through most things; those they cannot penetrate they can usually tanks. The smaller, lighter varieties have a very fair turn of speed

THE REPUBLIC EXPELS A RED: Villa Ker Monigue at Barbizon, near Paris, where Lev Trotsky (Leiba Bronsteln by birth), once the war god of the Soviet, took refuge. He was discovered there and an expulsion order was made against him. The villa was besieged by newsmen and photographers; a large crowd also watched the preparations for departure

State for Air, witnessed a tragic crash during the final round of a presented. Flight-Lieut. Richard Brown and Flying-Officer William killed near Northolt, Middlesex. They were flying too low for their to open

ALL ABOARD FOR THE SPRING MANŒUVRES: Sailors of the French Navy rejoin their ships, bound for the Mediterranean and the Bay of Biscay, where extensive manœuvres are due to be held. This picture was taken at Toulon and an Englishman, seeing the pompom-capped matelots embark, ascribed to them the slogan, "So Long to Toulon"

The Farmer's Lot To-day

A Special "Sphere" Commissioner's Views on Agriculture Based on a Recent Visit to One of the Few Farms that Pay

by J. BAKER-WHITE

A FEW DAYS AGO, anxious to get as clear a picture as possible of the present state of British agriculture—and the views of a large-scale farmer of forty years' experience—I spent the week-end on what is regarded in agricultural circles as possibly the most up-to-date farm in the South of England.

I was greeted on arrival by the cowman who taught me to milk twenty years ago, but he and the owner were about the only things that remained of the farm that I remembered as a boy.

The farmer showed me over his buildings—not one more than ten years old—with justifiable pride. Electric milking machines, the latest type of brine cooler for the milk, no churns, but row upon row of bottles filling themselves automatically. Electric light everywhere, all machinery driven by electricity, and a miniature power station that vied with the Battersea temple for cleanliness.

Out in a field below the farm stood two square brick and timber huts, each containing a 1,000-egg incubator. Around them were rows of huts, full of chicks thriving in an automatically regulated temperature. In other fields were electrically lit houses containing hens that laid as per the chart.

Not far away men were loading nets full of greens on to motor lorries, ready to travel through the night to Birmingham. The field that I remembered as the paddock for the milk-float horse had become a row of greenhouses full of tomato plants and lettuces.

When we went in to tea my host's wife asked him if he had remembered to bring the butter back from town? He turns out about 1,000 gallons of milk a day, but it would be a waste of time and money to make butter!

In the evening he showed me his farm books. It suffices to say that from 1918 to 1923 he made a fair profit farming on the old traditional lines. In 1923 he risked all he had got, and what the bank would lend him, in reconstructing the whole of his farm and completely modernizing it. From 192 to 1931 he had a terribly hard and difficult time. In 1932 things got very slightly better, and last year he made a substantial profit. *He expects to do even better this year.*

—THE NEW: Mechanization is the keynote of scientific farming to-day

THE OLD—: The incarnation of the old idea of the land. What does he think of—

I ASKED HIM where British agriculture was going? His reply I commend to those in authority, to those in whose hands lies the future of our oldest industry.

"Agriculture," he said, "is broadly speaking in a terribly bad way. For the one farm like mine that is showing a profit, there are ten which are showing a loss. Wheat has been saved only by the quota. Hop prospects are really hopeful.

"The milk trade is all over the shop: we don't know from one week to another where we are. Fat-stock farming has never been worse; it is practically impossible not to lose money on fat bullocks. The pork trade is still pretty precarious, and wool is just a little better. Poultry pays only with a large capital behind it. Last year I made a profit because I had a first-class hop crop, was lucky with my soft fruits and tomatoes, got a good cannery contract for my field peas, and had a wet field that grew a good crop of winter greens for a very short market.

"If I hadn't taken a chance in 1923 and had stuck to ordinary farming I should be penniless to-day. As far as my personal knowledge goes, half the farmers in this county are faced with a pretty hopeless future, but nobody seems to believe them."

THAT STATEMENT PROBABLY sums up the position of agriculture to-day, and it is confirmed by statistics.

Taking the general index figure for agriculture for the period 1911 to 1913 as 100, the figure for 1927–28 was 147. That was the peak year. By 1929–30 the index had dropped to 139 and by 1932–33 to 106.

Between September 1932 and August 1933 nearly every agricultural product, with the exception of wool and hops, declined in price. In April 1930 the average price of British wheat was 8s. 4d. per cwt.; to-day it is 4s. 5d. Oats are almost the same at 5s. 11d., having risen slightly since last year; and barley, thanks to beer drinkers, has improved from 7s. 7d. in 1930 to 8s. 5d. at the present time.

Many people condemned the Wheat Quota Scheme when it was brought into operation, but it is the one thing that has saved wheat farmers from ruin. In September 1933 the 75,456 registered British wheat growers received cheques from the Wheat Commission totalling £1,865,000. The total amount paid to them in the 1932–33 season was £4,510,000, or about £59 per grower, the deficiency payment being equivalent to 4s. 5¼d. per cwt.

To realize more fully what this means in work and wages, 1,660,000 acres of wheat were grown last year—29 per cent. more than in 1932 and almost as much as in 1923. An increase of a further 5 per cent. is expected this year.

As to the effect on employment, some indication may be obtained from the following figures, though in considering them, the development of fruit and vegetable culture must be borne in mind:—

	1927	1932	1933
Total number of workers in England and Wales - -	774,449	697,120	715,100

THE STORY OF the agricultural marketing schemes is not such a happy one.

MILK.—The Milk Marketing Board has failed up to the present to provide the farmer a price that is above the cost of production. It has thus failed—I repeat *up to the present*—to achieve its object and justify its existence. The farmers are asked to wait a little longer for results—there are rumours of the Board starting its own creameries—but they have been waiting on one government or another for fifteen years now.

In the words of one dairy farmer, "the scheme is a complete failure from the producer's point of view. I have not heard of a single one that likes it."

PIGS.—The Pig Marketing Scheme has also been condemned, but this is unfair, as it has not yet had time to prove itself. Before the Scheme, bacon pigs fetched from 10s. to 10s. 6d. per score—the provincial unit of 20lb. weight—and during the first contract period under the Scheme farmers got 11s. 9d. a score, or about 1d. per lb. more.

The success of the Scheme depends on control of output. Some farmers believe that tariffs and not restriction are the proper way of dealing with foreign competition. In another six months it may be possible to pass judgment on the Pig Scheme.

BEEF.—AS FAR AS BEEF is concerned the position has gone from bad to worse. Beef to-day is priced at about 28s. per live cwt.—1s. per cwt. less than in February. The present price represents a heavy loss on every bullock sent to market.

Riding round last Sunday with a stock farmer I ventured to compliment him on the fine condition of his Hereford bullocks. "It nearly breaks my heart every time I look at them," he said, "they're in perfect condition, but when I send them to market I shall be about £4 down on every one of them."

The basic trouble in the beef trade lies in consumption and imports. In 1880 British farmers produced 81 per cent. of the beef eaten in this country. In 1929 they produced 47 per cent., and the proportion has fallen still further since then. At the same time the annual consumption of beef per head of the population has fallen from 30·39 lb. in 1924 to 27·03 lb. in 1932, and to still less at the present time.

FAT STOCK.—The commissions set up to examine the fat stock trade have just issued their reports, recommending the creation of a Live Stock Marketing Board with power to control supplies and prices. This may help, but the Board must recognize that the basic problem, to use the words of the Commission's report, is that the fiscal barriers erected by other countries "have turned the full tide of world surplus production to our market."

IN SPITE OF these troubles there is still a future for British Agriculture, provided it has two things—

Assistance from the government of the day, and

Assistance from the public.

Likewise there is a career on the farm for a young man, a real chance of success, *if he is prepared to break away from all the past traditions of farming.*

He must not only be a farmer, a grower of stock and crops. He must be a market gardener, a fruit expert, a bit of an engineer, a fertilizer chemist, and a student of economics. In the grand old days

(Continued on p. 162)

STEPPING the STEEL MAST

For Britain's "ENDEAVOUR" to Wrest the America's Cup from the U.S.A. where it has been since 1851

A SYMPHONY IN STEEL: Mr. T. O. M. Sopwith's Bermudan-rigged racing cutter, *Endeavour*, just after the mast had been hoisted into position by the crane seen in the picture on right

A GULL'S-EYE VIEW of the slim steel deck of the *Endeavour* with which Mr. Sopwith hopes to avenge eighty-three years of defeats. The steel mast here seen after being stepped by the huge floating dock crane—a process illustrated in the inset picture—is 170 ft. in height. The operation was performed at the Naval Dockyard, Portsmouth. Steel masts—like steel shafts in golf clubs—are proving a popular and efficient innovation

SYMPTOMATIC: The sale at Christie's last Thursday of the property of the Marquess of Zetland from his house in Arlington Street included the famous Boucher-Neilson tapestries and the furniture made for the original Adam decorations. This sale was symptomatic of the change brooding over Arlington Street, that place of Mansions of the Quality. It may well herald the beginning of its end

WEDDING BELLES: *On left*—Lord Robert Crichton-Stuart, second son of the Marquess of Bute, with his bride, Lady Janet Montgomerie, second daughter of the Earl of Eglinton, who were married at St. Edward's Church, Windsor. *On right*—The Bishop of Bradford with his daughter, Miss Amy Blunt, who was married to Mr. Christopher Hodgson at All Saints', Bradford

IN HONOUR OF A DISTINGUISHED FLEET STREET PERSONALITY: The twenty-first anniversary of the foundation of *The Advertiser's Weekly*—created in 1913—was made the occasion last week of a complimentary luncheon at the Stationers' Hall to Mr. J. C. Akerman, its founder, by his associates and friends in many fields. At this luncheon Lord Camrose acted as chairman, and he and other speakers paid graceful tribute to a leading Fleet Street personality. Supporting Lord Camrose at the top table were (amongst others) Lord Riddell, Sir Gomer Berry, Lord Ebbisham, Colonel the Hon. F. Lawson, Mr. J. S. Elias, Sir Stenson Cooke, Sir Charles Higham, and Sir Harry Preston. Mr. Akerman is Managing Director of United Newspapers, Ltd., and Provincial Newspapers, Ltd., and Vice-Chairman of Illustrated Newspapers, among his other many interests and activities

TENNIS

A new star—whether of planetary or merely meteoric quality, time alone will determine—blazed brilliant in the firmament of lawn tennis for one crowded hour last week. Its dazzling course totally eclipsed the British sun and almost made new rings round the Davis Cup team's Saturn!

HOPE OF TO-MORROW: C. E. Hare in play

This new star is Mr. C. E. Hare—no rabbit, he!—who defeated decisively, by two sets to one, a Fred Perry still suffering from the effects on his temperament of an exhibition match a few days previously.

This should be proof enough of the ability of this eighteen-year-old—even a flippant Perry is a Dragon to daunt any young St. George—but he followed this match on the same day with a performance against a player not far short of Perry at his best and one who is inherently incapable of playing light-hearted tennis. Hare ran H. G. N. Lee—dour exponent of the twisting service: subtle general of the court—to two long 'vantage sets: 7—5, 11—9. His defeat was even more impressive than his victory.

Hare has only one serious fault: he is apt to play his shots too close to his body. This is, in all probability, a consequence of his extreme lankiness—he is not unlike a shorter, frailer Vines in build—and, under the eagle eye of Danny Maskell, should soon be corrected.

Ubiquitous Rumour—tennis circles have a hyper-developed sense of rumour!—has already put him into the British Davis Cup team. This is premature. It is possible, however, that the junior champion of 1931 may train with them.

PHYLLIS, THE GIANTESS KILLER: Mrs. King, who outed Miss Round and Miss Scriven at Melbury with one shot—the forehand drive

It would be a fatal thing for Britain to fall into the trap in which American policy has enmeshed American tennis: the trap of playing her champions—as champions—too young. They win their tournaments but lose their stamina and fade away in a season. Our Austins and Perrys and Lees have played—and will play—for seasons. But where are the American stars of yester-year?

G. H. W. R.

VICTORY OVER TENNIS ENEMY No. 1: C. E. Hare, of Birmingham, receives the congratulations of his "victim," Fred Perry

IN QUEST OF BEAUTY

THE COURT OF BEAUTY: Forty-eight dancers pass in review before a jury of thirty men in the first beauty contest, of the type introduced into Europe by America, to be held in Japan. The dance halls of the Empire were canvassed for candidates to be elected "Miss Nippon." This is perhaps the most eloquent of all testimony to Japan's "modernity"

BEAUTY OF CATHAY: Miss Maimie Sze, daughter of the Chinese Ambassador to the U.S.A., pauses in London en route from Paris, where she has been on a shopping expedition

QUEEN OF BEAUTY: Señorita Enriquita Arbelli who was elected "Miss Barcelona"—a "golden" Spaniard—surrounded by her "courtiers." The habit of the Beauty Contest has caught on all over the world

Camel Corps of the Yemen: This mobile force is exceedingly efficie... highly trained and even march in time with the lilt of a band. The banner o... that the camels themselves are painted. *In circle on left*—is a banner blazone... but the *jambiya*, the curve...

On this double page "The Sphere" presents a series of pictures illustrating the Yemeni side of the war now in progress on the southern borders of Arabia.

The public in general and "Sphere" readers in particular are familiar with that Cromwell of the East, Ibn Saud, and the Ikhwan—*Brethren—his Ironsides.*

His opponent, the Imam of Yemen, however, is still something of a mystery. It is known that his men are brave and, on their own hilly terrain, superlative warriors. Of the ruler himself little or nothing is known.

On the right-hand page we present a purely personal impression by an Indian student who was received by the Imam.

The actual causes of the war now in progress in Southern Arabia, the land where Job had his birth and being, are two-fold.

Primarily the provinces of Asir and Nejran have formed a subject of dispute. Asir was the first Arab State to join the Allies during the War, and later Asir was awarded the port of Hodeida, formerly belonging to the neutral Yemen.

But Asir, a buffer State, was caught between the anvil of the Imam and the hammer of Ibn Saud. Saud claimed a Protectorate in '26 over the north of Asir, but the Asiri ruler, the Idrisi, rebelled and took refuge in the Yemen.

An agreement was reached between Mecca and San'a in 1931–32 over this, but Nejran now enters into the argument.

This valueless territory—a mere stronghold of brigands—was policed by Ibn Saud, who likes peaceful boundaries. This evoked the secondary cause of the conflict—prestige—for the Imam resented Ibn Saud's interference and posted troops in Nejran, which he claimed.

This, in turn, roused Ibn Saud's pride and the Crown Prince, Emir Saud, took the field.

There are not wanting those who believe Saud aspires to the crown of San'a.

Guarding the Fertile Valleys of Yemen: One of the many fortresses scattered through the land from which comes Mocha, the finest coffee in the world

○

ABDUL AZIZ IBN SAUD (writes a correspondent) is ruler of all Northern Arabia from the Red Sea to the Persian Gulf. He is Guardian of the Sacred Cities of Islam, and Imam of the Wahabis. Wahabism is an ascetic revivalist movement of the Sunni section of the Moslems, and its adherents may be compared to our Puritans.

Yahia ibn Hamid-ud-din is Imam of San'a and ruler of the Yemen, a territory lying south of the kingdom of Ibn Saud, and immediately north of the Aden Protectorate. He claims descent from Ali, the fourth Khalif, whose wife was Fatima, daughter of the Prophet. San'a, the old capital of the Imams, lies about 100 miles inland from Hodeida on the Red Sea coast. The people of Central Yemen belong to the Zeidi sect, an offshoot of the Shiah branch of the Muhammadan religion.

THE YEMEN CAMEL CORPS (illustrated above), who were parading before the Imam's son, trotted past to the music of a band the first time I had ever heard a "camel march" played. It was, inadvertently, most effective, and the camels seemed to pick up the swing and the lilt of the music. These Arabs are expert camelmen, although, as is often the case in other countries, they start to work their camels too young.

They have taught their mounts to move forward on their knees so as to be less conspicuous in time of war. Their camels are also taught to spring up directly they feel the rider's leg across the saddle, and one is liable (as in my own case) to be left behind in the sand. The young Arab will, however, mount his camel without troubling to "barrack" him.

EXCEPT ALONG THE LOW coastline of Yemen is a mountainous country, its capital San'a, lying some 7,000 ft. above the sea. On these hills is grown the wonderful Mocha coffee, and the towns on the Red Sea shore are refreshed with fruit from the highlands.

A. B.

○

despite the lack of uniformity — and uniform! The beasts are the right is inscribed with verses from the Koran. It will be noted not with the Cross, as might be thought from the furl of the flag, dagger used locally

KING *versus* IMAM

The Struggle for Power in Southern Arabia

A Blockhouse of the Frontier: The whole area of Yemen is, of necessity, in a constant state of preparedness for war

A *Personal Visit to*

The RULER *of* YEMEN

A HIGH ITALIAN OFFICIAL gave me a letter of introduction to the Imam of Yemen, and in due course I found myself in San'a.

A few minutes after I had entered the house assigned to me, a subtle atmosphere of menace made itself felt. My servants regarded me with suspicion —I do not know why.

My interpreter, Sheikh K., an old man of seventy, was, therefore, a great boon to me, a veritable oasis in a desert. He was kindly, courteous, and confiding.

San'a is a fairly large city—for Arabia, of course—with a population of 60,000 souls. All its houses—some of them seven storeys high—are whitewashed. When you look from a roof-top at the city lying in the strong sunlight, you feel drowned in a dazzling sea.

THE PALACE IS a vast building in the true Saracenic style, with lattice windows, pointed arches, and patios. Two sentries in indigo-blue uniforms, who were on duty at the entrance door, looked at me suspiciously as we passed inside.

The audience room was thirty feet long by twenty feet wide and painted a dark blue. On its walls hung as sole ornament the scimitar of the Imam.

The Imam was reclining against dark blue bolsters on a divan about three feet high. He is a man of medium height, well proportioned, with strongly-marked features, and dark eyes. He wears a clipped moustache and beard.

"Marhbe" (welcome), said the Imam in a low, cultured voice.

"I understand that you are a traveller and writer from India," said the ruler of 5,000,000 people.

I bowed.

"How is the Nationalist Movement faring in your country? Is it becoming stronger?"

"It is becoming weaker, your Highness," I replied.

As I uttered these words the Imam bent on me a glance I could not interpret. Fierce and suspicious, it renewed all the menace I had felt the night before.

"Have you come to see us and our capital and write about them afterwards?" asked the Imam.

"Yes, mighty ruler," I replied, thinking to please him.

But he was not to be pleased. "Write about or *report* on them?" His eyes blazed.

I realized that he took me to be a spy. "I have nothing to do with governments, your Highness."

I could see from his face that he did not believe me.

"I allow you three days in which to see my capital, and on the fourth you leave it. Do you understand?"

I requested the sheikh to convince his master that I was not a spy. But he told me that once the Imam had made up his mind on any subject, no one dared to attempt to alter his views.

At that moment a servant entered the room and held on bended knees before his master a brass tray containing bunches of ghat leaves, which are chewed by all people in the Yemen for their restorative and tonic properties.

Seeing this the sheikh rose from his seat on the floor. I followed suit. My interview had ended.

V. B. M.

The Yemeni City of Ibb: This fortified town is one of the largest settlements in what used to be called the Land of Uz—the country of Job. It is on the road from San'a to Aden, and is a hundred miles from the port slightly west of north

WHERE MORE THAN CASH IS STAKED: The gaming table of the now closed "Frolics" where, it is suspected, the murder of Judge Prince and other aspects of "L'affaire Stavisky" were planned

THE "TRIPOTS" OF PARIS

New Plague-Spots of France

by FERDINAND TUOHY

THAT ANY GOVERNMENT of authority of the War generation to arrive in power in Paris would put in the very forefront of its programme a comprehensive clean-up of the capital is as certain as could be.

Few modern cities can have been allowed to get into such a mess as Paris this last decade—partly result of the open door to everybody, partly easy money all round, or else the rallying to the capital of provincial scum and crooks, plus sheer laisser-aller executed to a general background of administrative and public venality.

One supposes the composite scene to-day—in which spies, dope-traffickers, white-slavers, sharpers and swindlers, illicit arms dealers, blackmailers, police thugs and informers, political agents of a kind, and honest-to-goodness gangsters all seem to jostle one another as never before—one supposes this pretty pot-pourri to have developed, also, from Victoire, with its besieging of Paris for long years by the Western world (including armies of refugees), and without any doubt from the ceaseless sensationalizing in film and printed word of how *not* to go about staking a claim in life.

At any rate, the dark and menacing human salad now walks the pavements, largely out of work, and presents a spectacle that no thinking Frenchman chooses to glance at lightly these days.

I HAVE THIS WEEK been diving into just one section of it, but a very topical and embracing one—the "tripots" or gaming places of the capital. These are the "gambling joints" that have been so shown up of late in the Stavisky scandal, not so much as card-sharping centres, but as regular clubs where ominous "gentlemen of the milieu" congregate to hatch new and violent affronts to the law.

In this regard it has been remarked that whereas, when someone referred in the past to such-and-such a person being "du milieu" it usually implied that he was of the theatrical or literary or musical or artistic firmament; to-day, when you say someone is "du milieu" it means just one thing only, and a highly obnoxious designation, namely, that your subject earns his living by women, dope, swindling, espionage, physical gangsterism, political blackmail, informing, selling arms, and a few more choice callings of similar texture.

It is a totally different affair from the apache world of old, and was revealed in all its criminality by the closing of "Frolics," a gaming circle on the Grands Boulevards, and the arrest of its well-known conductors on the suspicion that here was planned the murder of Judge Prince and perhaps also of Stavisky himself; for the latter had been a leading light of the place.

Ten years ago I knew "Frolics" as rather a gay place to go of an evening, with les girls of that day in evidence. There was not much occult gaming in Paris then; one used the open casinos or else one or two places in the Boulevard Haussmann, or a club of international repute.

The dangerous "tripots" are, I should say, in large majority of post-1928 or '29 growth, and constitute, of course, part and parcel of the pathological gambling malaise that has beset Europe, having been fanned deliberately by governments finding themselves on the financial rocks.

You can't have it both ways: if you get people thinking day and night of waking up wealthy, these "dives" materialize automatically in response to symptoms that grow in secret.

IN PARIS it is the easiest thing to get into one, and to mix for an hour or two with the charming gentry therein assembled. You have considerable choice. There are at least fifteen recognized gambling clubs where may be indulged baccarat, chemin de fer, or both, while the number of clandestine establishments (American: "blind pigs") is listed as ten or twelve.

Omitted from our record shall be such smart resorts as the Jockey, Volney, and Sporting Clubs. At such places not only may the annual subscription reach £40 but play will run quite prohibitively high and—they usually have to know quite a lot about a new member's grandfather before allowing him to sit down.

The rest of the "tripots," be they out at Neuilly or in the Centre, can be entered, and at once played in and used, on no other recommendation than a passport, or identity paper, and the presence of a member-friend. Nominally, a newcomer is expected to wait four days as spectator, but in these dud times such safety-period is waived. One writes down one's trade or profession for the benefit of the commissary in charge (invariably a wrong trade, I was told, such as "hairdresser" or "maître d'hôtel" or "trainer" or even "chasseur," this to put undesirables off the track), and is amiably bowed in.

I VISITED MY PLACE for lunch having asked for the hottest surviving exhibit after the closed "Frolics." These "tripots" possess restaurants: in fact, jolly good ones, this being one of the recognized magnets for drawing clients. For 4s., food and wine seemed to be forthcoming ad lib.—though one is expected to rise to a "thune" or five francs by way of tip. This refreshment business may extend from 11.30 a.m. to 1 p.m.

Shortly after the latter hour, a croupier appeared and announced that "Le jeu commence toute-de-suite" and there followed a more or less immediate exodus to a pretentious neighbouring room full of chandeliers and gilt. Note the time this supervened: one o'clock in the afternoon.

That appears as curse number one of these places, for, totally unlike the races, play may extend continuously until nine or even ten o'clock *next morning*. A session of twenty consecutive hours with the sabot is perfectly possible.

And the shoe circulates continuously. And none takes his eyes off it. Glued, mesmerized. These are the ones called "the diehard eights and niners," after the cards that they so desperately long for. Latins, Argentines, Chinese, Negroes, Poles, Germans, Czechs, Filipinos, Japs, and an occasional American or Englishman—we were perhaps a sustained score at the two tables. The smoke-cum-bar-cum-epidermis atmosphere was most trying, but one got round that by steadily observing the company and wondering what lay concealed in their many-hued bosoms.

That Frenchman yonder ran a house of assignation in the rue d'Hanovre, I was whispered to. And see that broken-down fighter over there? Well, he's a Nervi and one of the most-to-be-avoided. (Nervi: Marseilles underworld.) As for the chap standing up behind, he was certainly of the Sûreté. All the "tripots" were lousy with them now.

AND SO IT WENT ON. Alone *I* did not excite any notice; or so it appeared. Turn after turn was played monotonously. On every 100 francs or fraction staked, 5 francs went to the house. It resulted roughly that if ten men, each starting with 10,000 francs, sat at the same table for ten hours and each had an equal amount of luck, the house would rake in more than half of their original 10,000, provided the gamblers kept on all that time.

During the recent Senate inquiry into Stavisky, a detective said one place had taken over a billion francs in the past ten years. He added that he personally had winked at every kind of play. He had seen every sort of play in his eight years as Government inspector, and knew only too well that the thing was to side with the club if he wanted to hold down his job. Only small bookmakers at street corners were really to be incommoded. Those had been the orders.

Devotees of these "tripots" were surrounded by every form of influence extending from the highest to an inspector merely "looking after the interests" of one of his (ex-criminal) informers. It had taken the witness just forty-eight hours, in the first instance, to fall into the ways of the gambling places. The only one who ever stood a chance of coming out on top in a dispute was the big player who might have lost heavily. Then it might be in the club's interest to vote in such a one's favour, even to the extent of standing a loss. As for the "small potato," he rarely had a leg to stand on if a dispute came up. Just ". . . Monsieur, vous avez raison, mais. . . ."

AND DISPUTES do come up. I saw that. During my brief passage the lights suddenly went out and stayed out for a precious matter of five seconds or so while the company broke into manifold cursing and restless stirring. When light came again, the sabot was in position all right, just where it had last been seen, but several of the company swore that its contents had been manhandled.

Officially, this is a short circuit. Unofficially, it is known as the "coup de jockey"; and, as pistols are apt to fly off in crises in "tripots," I thought that perhaps my education had extended sufficiently for that day: to wit, one hour. And to think that those fellows would be going on at it all night!

Out in the 2 p.m. street, I immediately made acquaintance with what it is to be marked down as visitor to a "tripot." A suave, gigolo type, bare-headed and well-dressed, excused himself but would I kindly note well the address printed on this card? And he was away.

These touts or "come-on" men are an important feature. They note you in the "tripots" and then seek to attract you to their own special haunts where they receive a commission on the losses of the people they manage to lure. They will even have the audacity to ring or visit a person in his office. In French, the word for these gentry is "rabatteur" and a high percentage of Paris seems to be currently "rabatter-ing" in some form or another!

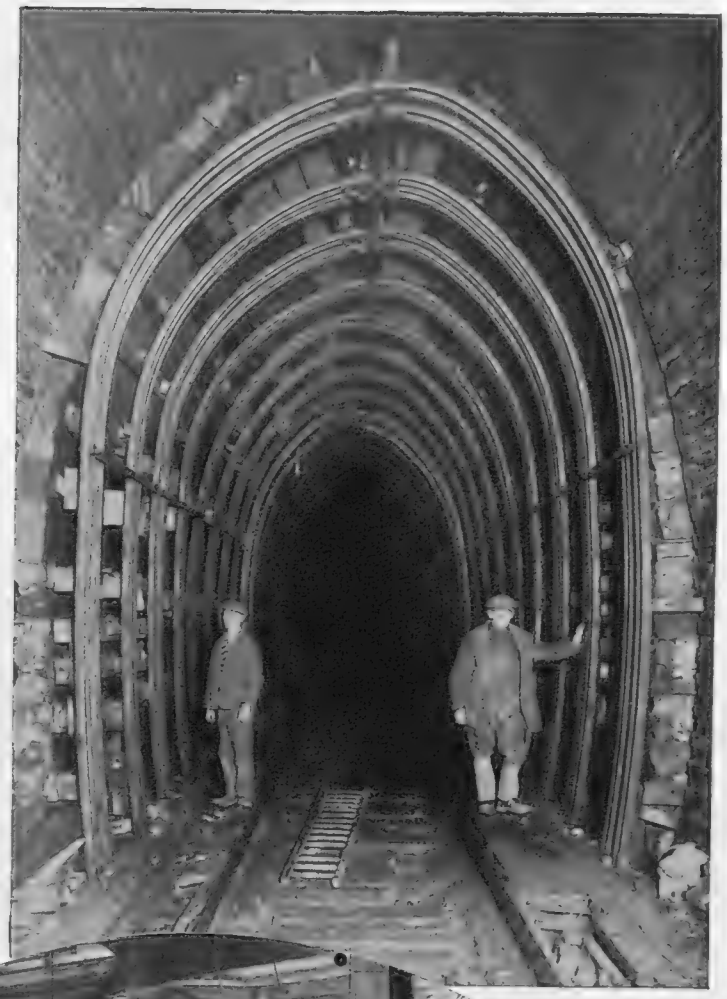
YET, AS INDICATED, the gaming at these queer places is not in itself a source of alarm. If habitués choose to skin one another day in and night out, that's their miserable funeral. The law

(Continued on p. 160)

NATIONAL LOTTERIES are the rule in France

THIS MECHANIZED AGE

Anti-Aircraft : Tunnel Repairs : Flood Relief : Sea Trip for Locomotive : Two Respiration Devices



"ARCHIE": The latest type of anti-aircraft gun in action at Aldershot. *On right*—MINERS ON RAILWAY WORK: Shoring up the tunnel near Whitehaven (Cumberland). This is eighty years old. It takes three weeks to repair a section 8 ft. long as work can be carried on only between midnight and 4.30 a.m. owing to the traffic. Old rails are used to shore up the structure. The 3,360 ft. tunnel will not be completely restored until 1936

FLOOD RELIEF: The new steel and concrete wall to form the new bank of the section running from the Lee to the Thames. *On right*—RAIL, BY SEA: A 20-ton, 600 h.p. locomotive shipped to Belgium for final tests and thence to Colombia. She left on the S.S. *Clan Ronald*

THE SEE-SAW OF LIFE: The new miracle apparatus by which persons in a state of suspended animation—from drowning, etc.—can be restored to life. Between ten and fifteen rocks a minute exactly counterfeit natural breathing. It is being tested at Siebe Gorman's submarine engineering premises

PIONEER: The first English-made Drinker Respirator, invented by Drs. Drinker and Shaw of the U.S.A. It has been successful in saving life in cases of drowning, drug-poisoning, gas-poisoning, where artificial respiration is required. It was rushed to Oxford on one occasion and saved the life of a scholar at Stowe

NOT ART BUT PHOTOGRAPHY: A class of girls in the Bloomsbury Trade School learning how to touch up photogra
ORDERS OF ARCHITECTURE: A class of masons at the Hoxton School of Building. Such an epic of disappointment a
of Jude the Obscure has no justification in these days of extensive elementary and advanced education that may re

WHEN ADAM BEDE put away his tools, after his day's work at the carpenter's bench, he used to go off to the cottage of the village schoolmaster to learn how to read and write.

MURAL DECORATION: A thoroughly professional scene in the Brixton School of Building. It must be borne in mind that such training may be absolutely free

For clever as he was with his hands he had not mastered the three "R's" before he had to earn his own living in those days before compulsory education.

To the citizen of London to-day there are offered opportunities undreamt of by Adam Bede. There is now little or no excuse for the plea of ignorance, for the door is wide open for the acquirement of any desired subject, whether of higher scholarship or technical knowledge.

All boys and girls, on leaving school, are urged to carry on their education by attending an evening institute of which there are some 200 scattered over London.

If the "leavers," as the fourteen-year-old children are called, go on immediately to such an institute they are admitted free of cost.

After two or three years' training these juniors can pass an examination and attend the senior institutes, gaining advanced training in whatever subject most attracts them.

It is the boast of the L.C.C. that there is no subject (not already in the curriculum) which is seriously desired by as many as, say, a dozen or more students, which will not be provided.

JUST A HUNDRED years ago the first grant for education was made by the

GETTING

LONDON'S MILLION SCHOLARS

Scenes of After-School and After-Work Instruction

Inset on left — STUDYING THE frustration as the Hardy classic almost University standard

THE ART OF THE TABLE: A class at Clapham Road Trade School. Two students are "customers"; the other two waitresses. It is noteworthy that many of the classes are uniformed and all are professional in atmosphere

Special "Sphere" pictures

THE ART OF DRESS: A class studying drawing as a preparation for costume designing at the Clapham Road Trade School

HOT WATER: A plumbing class at Brixton School of Building

Government, and it amounted to the modest sum of £20,000. As there was no educational branch of the Government at that time, it was administered through the two religious educational bodies then working—the National Society and the British and Foreign Schools Society.

The idea of general education moved slowly, and it was not until 1870 that the first great Education Act founded the famous School Boards. Since then progress has been persistent, and to-day continued education is available for everyone—old and young—at merely nominal fees.

There are about one million people being educated by the L.C.C.; from babies in the nursery schools to their grandparents in the men's and women's institutes.

These institutes are in direct descent from the old night schools—dingy, ill-lit places, where benevolent folk endeavoured to instruct rough and ragged youths in reading and writing. Such youths would be hard to find to-day, and the schools are now splendidly equipped institutes teaching special subjects.

THERE ARE EIGHT different sections of after-school instruction:

(1) Day continuation school for "leavers."
(2) Commercial institutes for typing, book-keeping, etc.
(3) Technical institutes for the skilled trades.
(4) Art schools for all types of drawing and painting.
(5) Women's institutes, and
(6) Men's institutes for physical training, handicrafts, and social life.
(7) Literary institutes for history, economics, etc.
(8) Polytechnics as university preparations.

The fees vary from 3s. to £3 a year. Sometimes the education is quite free of cost.

SILVER SCALES *in* SHADOWED STREAMS

FISHING—BUT NOT FOR GOLD! Mr. Neville Chamberlain out after salmon in the Tyne near Bywell, when a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Smith, of Loughbrow, Hexham

HAUNTED BY FIGHTING FISH: A superb salmon pool near Sluie, on the River Findhorn. Even to a non-fisherman the place is a real joy

TROPHY OF THE CHASE: Mr. A. D. Aikins, a visitor from Surrey to Llangammarch Wells, with the 44-lb. salmon he caught at the famous salmon catch at Park's Common on the River Wye at Builth Wells

RECORD: Major Trevor of Glanwye with the 43-lb. salmon he caught in the Glanwye waters of the Wye. He is seen with his nephew, Captain S. Trevor, who gaffed it. The fish is 4 ft. 2 in. long, 2 ft. 1 in. in girth—a record in the waters during the last thirty-five years

Wales bids fair to rival Scotland as the Eldorado of the salmon-fisher. On the Wye alone in the week before Easter 454 were grassed—the third best week on record. Seven of these fish topped the cale at over 40 lb., the largest weighing 44 lb. One angler bagged fourteen fish in four days' sport. The Welsh Dee, the season on which is later than that of the Wye, is also providing fair sport. In the North many rods strove in vain, and few on the Tweed killed more than a brace of fish in any one day.

Beauty in Distress

Three Lakes which May be Popularized Out of All their Charm

SILVER MIRRORS IN THE CIRCLING HILLS: Buttermere, Crummock Water, and Loweswater form one superb strath which may be offered for sale in Keswick in June if it is not sold as a whole before that. Sheep-breeding and the visitors are the two "industries" on which the small population subsists. There is a grave danger that the sale and the consequent advertisement of the area may mar its charm

A TRINITY OF MOUNTAINS, A UNITY OF WATER: Crummock Water beneath the slopes of Whiteless Pike (centre), Grassmoor (left), and Runnerdale Knott (right). *Above*—An exquisite vista of Buttermere in early morning. The Archbishop of York referred to this entire strath as "the most beautiful valley in the Lake District and therefore the most beautiful in the world." Grave fears were entertained lest its purchase might inundate with "development" this area, whose solitude is not the least of its charms. Its population is about eighty. Advertisement of building plots is already in train, but it is hoped that the National Trust will be as careful of the Low Fell as it has hitherto been of its gifts of the High

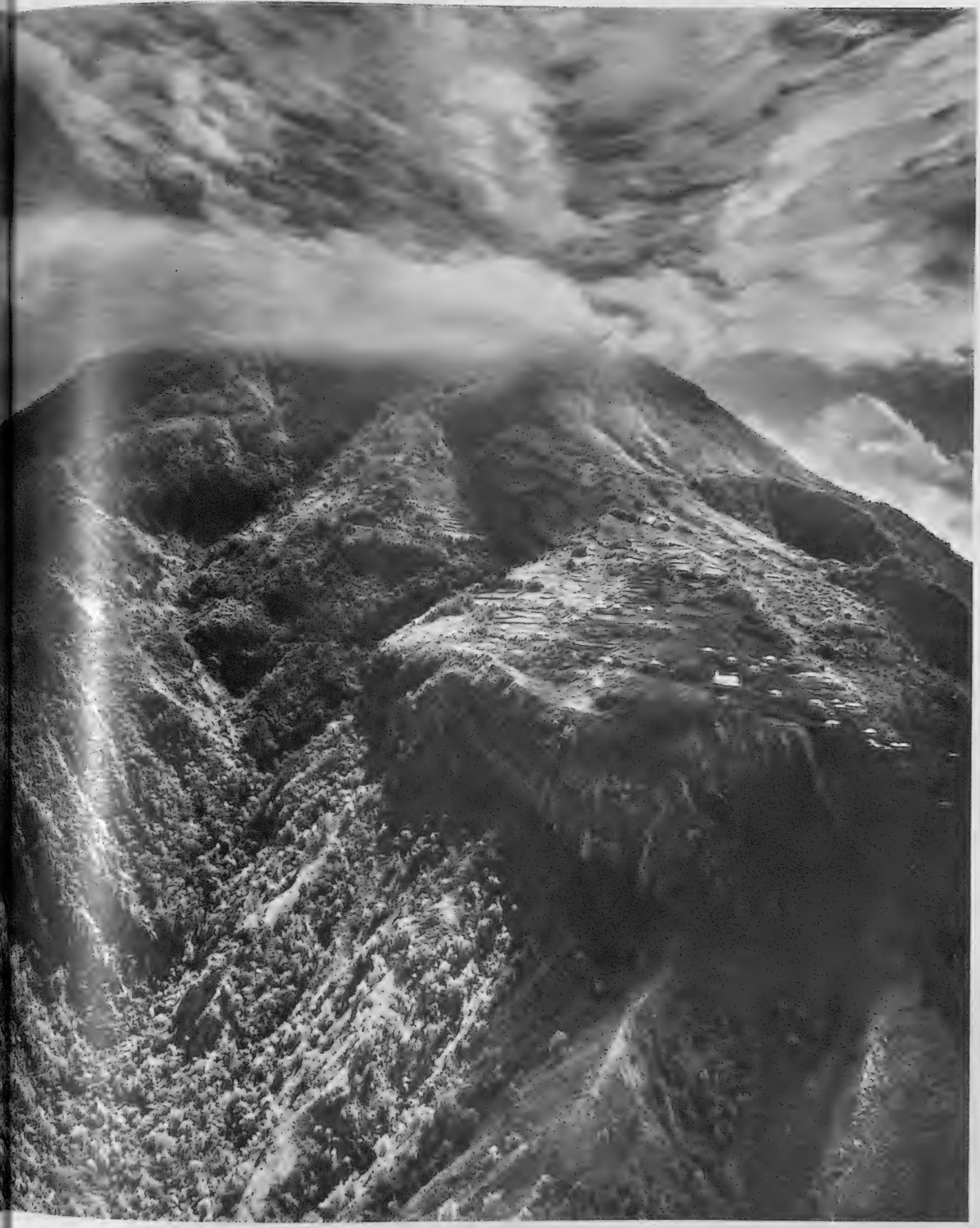
OMETEPE,

SEETHING WITH FLAME

From a swiftly moving aeroplane it was difficult to discover any means of access from the sea to the tiny houses seen clustered high aloft on Saba Island in the Caribbean Sea, where the morning clouds broke against their aerial perch and crept upward to re-form in a shining belt upon the summit of the rock above them. Eventually, after twice circumnavigating the whole territory, the precipitous pathway of steps cut in the solid rock, known as "The Ladder," was observed winding upwards through the trees. It starts from a small rocky cove and ascends to a height of 800 ft. to a town curiously named "Bottom," which is situated on the floor of the old crater. Nearly all the requirements of the population are carried up this stairway on the heads of sturdy porters, the usual load weighing about 100 lb. The people are of Dutch descent, with fair hair and skin, rosy cheeks, and a serious turn of mind. Their chief means of livelihood are fishing and boat-building, for they proudly boast of the only shipyard in all the world located in the crater of an extinct volcano. Here they build the best and most sea-worthy craft in the Caribbees, all the material for the

OLD FIRES *that* BURN *in the* NEW WORLD

Special Pictures and Notes by Captain A. G. Buckham, R.A.F. (Ref.)

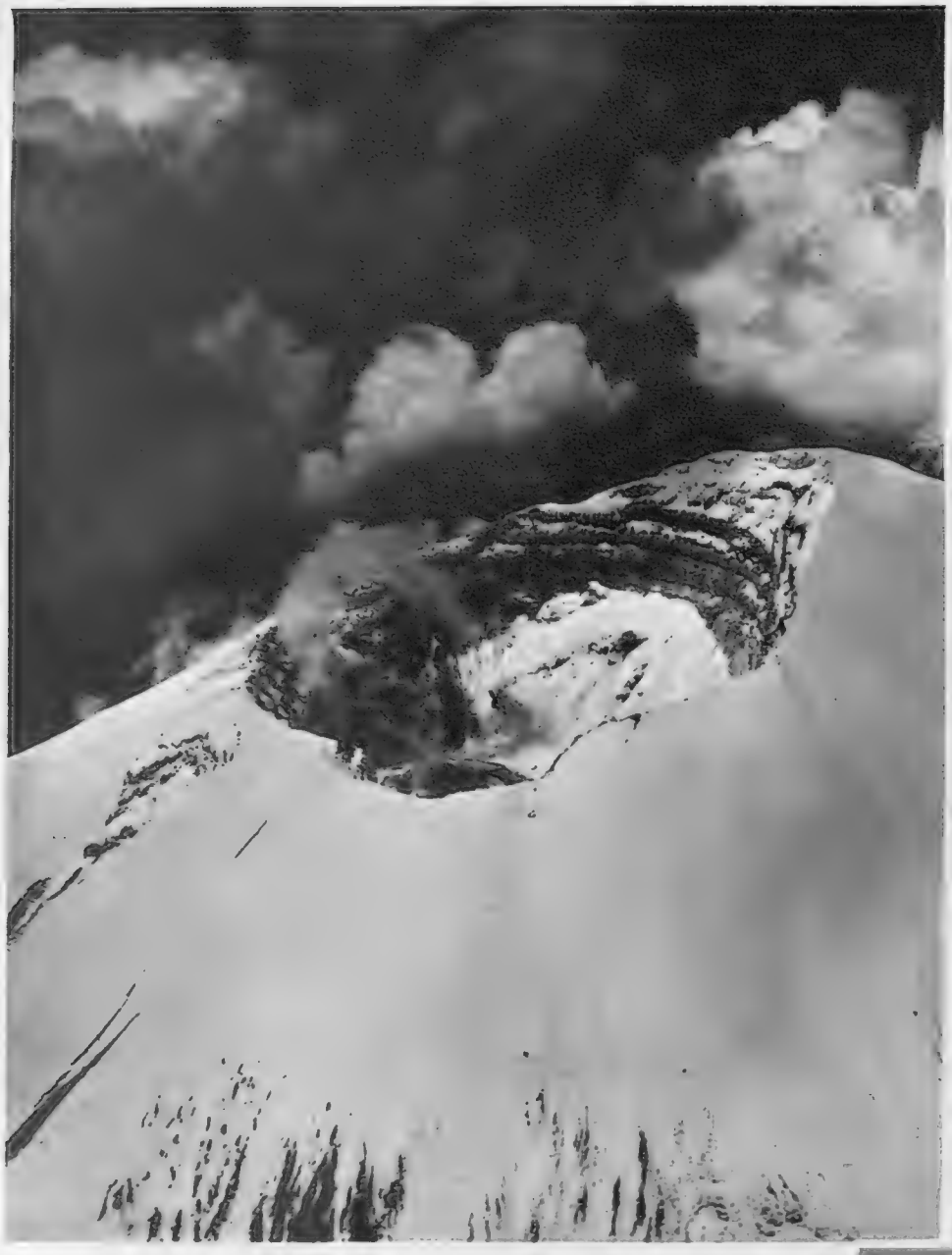


SABA ISLAND, INHABITED EVEN IN ITS CRATER

...o of which is drawn up with ropes from the sea far below, ...craft being lowered down in the same manner.

...that mighty volcanic ridge which forms the backbone of South ...America there is a fine array of active volcanoes. In Costa ...Nicaragua there are twelve, in Guatemala and Salvador four- ...Mexico eight; and the ridge in most parts is constantly rising, ...disturbance taking place between Momotombo on Lake ...and Popocatepetl in Mexico. When I passed along and photo- ...om from the air, considerable activity was going on.

After a misadventure with Momotombo, when the aeroplane was caught for a short while in a vagrant cloud of sulphurous gases, the volcano Ometepe was approached with some caution. A stream of ashes poured down its side and small rocks tumbled out over the lip of the cone. We approached at about 300 ft. above the top and peered down into the seething crater, the strange beauty of the scene being enhanced by the dark background of storm clouds sweeping low over the jungle and discharging a deluge of rain, in which we were quickly caught up and compelled to make a rapid retreat through the cloudy ceiling into the sunshine above. *(Continued on next page)*

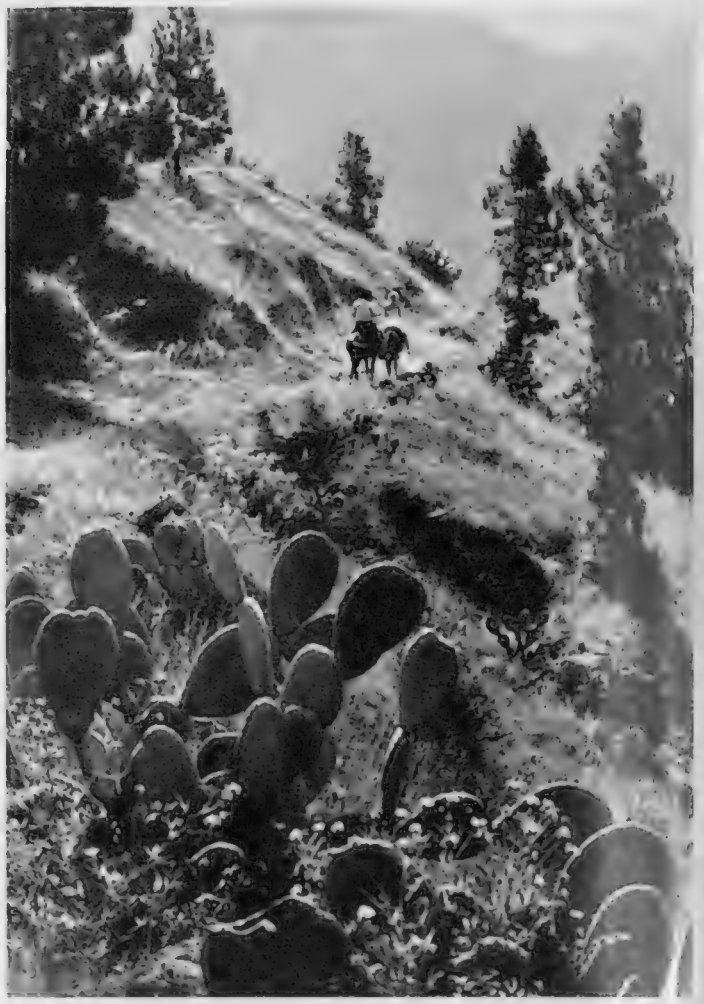


POPOCATEPETL: 25 deg. below zero here at the summit, 85 deg. in the shade at the foot, three miles below

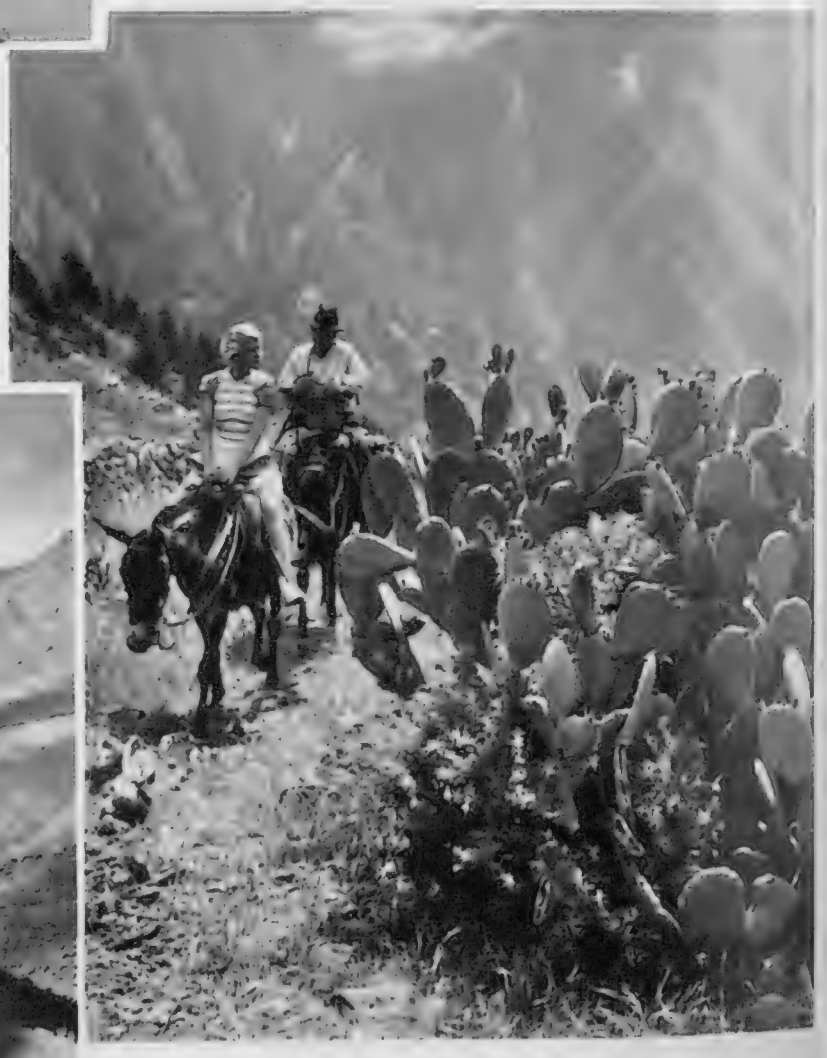
(Continued from preceding page)

The majestic Popocatepetl, which rises to almost 18,000 ft. altitude, and towers high among the volcanoes which gird Mexico City around, was an elusive subject for the camera, and a fortnight was spent during the rainy season in trying to get above him. On four occasions the attempt was made, but heavy storms intervened with blinding falls of snow sweeping over the towering summit and that of the neighbouring Iztaccihuatl, the latter being only some 2,000 ft. lower. But one fine morning the opportunity came and quickly the journey was made from the scorching temperature of the airport at Mexico City *where the thermometer registered 85 deg. F. in the shade to 25 deg. F. below zero at 500 ft. over the crater of Popocatepetl.*

The CACTUS-COVERED WAY *to a* GIANT CRATER



BY MULE TO THE SUMMIT: One of the largest craters in the world is that of Caldera de Taburiente, La Palma, in the Canary Islands



CACTUS AND PRICKLY PEAR fringe the path to the giant crater

NEARING THE CRATER: The only method of ascent is by mule or on foot

SCARPED RAVINES form a part of the route to the crater

THE four illustrations seen above show the precipitous pathway, fringed with the dusty green, splayed, fleshy spreads of barbed cacti, that runs from the sea to the gigantic crater of Caldera de Taburiente in La Palma of the Canaries—the Islands of the Blest. The whole of this archipelago is volcanic, Teyde (12,188 ft.) being still active. The only means of attaining to the crater is by mule—or Shanks' Mare, but the beauty of the landscape eminently justifies either the toil or the discomfort

THE BLADE OF HONOUR: Major von Fey shows his only son, Herbert, a boy of fourteen, the sword presented to him by the Corps of Officers of the Gendarmerie. Frau von Fey is seen on left

THE "CHECK" CHECKED: Young Herbert Fey plays chess with his father. This series of pictures is the first Major von Fey has allowed to be taken in his home

The IRON HAND in AUSTRIA TO-DAY

—Major Emil von Fey

An Intimate Personal Glimpse of a Dominating Figure on the European Stage

by LADY DRUMMOND-HAY

"FIRE"!

The steel-helmeted officer of the Austrian Bundesheer (Federal Army) raised his hand as he gave the command. The battery of heavy howitzers drawn up in position on the banks of the slate-coloured "Blue" Danube thundered a brazen salvo. Shells whined their paths in a big curve, followed by a number of dull, smothered explosions.

Holes gaped wide in the huge block of workers' flats, the pride of Socialist Vienna. The Federal Artillery was being used against them because they were occupied by the "Schutzbund," the revolting Socialist forces of the Austrian capital.

There was a stir behind the guns. Officers, apparently on an inspection tour, had arrived in motor cars. A tallish, very soldierly, and rather handsome officer seemed to be the leader of the party.

"That is Major Emil Ritter von Fey, Vice-Chancellor, and 'Austria's Strong Man,'" I was quickly told. The military, Heimwehr, and police, operating together under the impersonal appellation of "The Executive," were under the command of Major von Fey in his capacity as Austria's "Minister of Security."

TO THE OUTSIDE WORLD, especially to England and America, the crushing of the Socialist revolt in Austria two months ago was accomplished with what seemed wholly unnecessary ruthlessness.

No one is more surprised, however, than Major von Fey himself that his achievement has all but shattered the universal idea that the Austrians, as a people, are always gentle and kindly. Major von Fey is essentially a military man. He has the military mind and, in addition, all the pride and tradition of the Austro-Hungarian military caste. Further, it would seem, he possesses more than a touch of that mechanization of the military mind which appears to be a parallel development with the mechanization of armies and warfare in general.

MAJOR EMIL RITTER VON FEY was born in Vienna on March 23, 1886. He studied in Vienna. Now looks younger than he is, despite strenuous and brilliant service during the Great War, in which he was severely wounded four times. He fought on the Serbian and Italian fronts with the utmost courage, and was the idol of his soldiers.

Distinguishing himself not only as a warrior, but also for his unusual initiative and resourcefulness, Emil von Fey earned the coveted Maria Theresien Order, the Austrian Victoria Cross, while fighting in Vienna's crack regiment, the "Deutschmeister." This decoration is conferred only upon an officer who has carried through a successful action entirely upon his own initiative.

Major von Fey was graded Officer Knight of the Maria Theresien Order after capturing the Capella Hill at St. Oswalda in the Sugana Valley with a small detachment against overwhelming Italian forces.

MAJOR VON FEY TRACES his ancestry back to an old Styrian family which emigrated to Saxony, lived there for 300 years, and returned to Austria in the second half of last century. Like Chancellor Dollfuss, Vice-Chancellor and Minister of Security Major von Fey has a German, not an Austrian wife. He married Malvine Mettelet, a charming young woman from Würtemberg, whose family is partly French. They have one son, Herbert, aged fourteen.

Riding is the Vice-Chancellor's favourite sport, and on any fine morning he and his son, mounted on two splendid horses of Arab breed, may be seen riding in the Row of Vienna, the Prater.

Unlike Hitler and Mussolini (who both have their individual ideas on diet, drinking, and smoking), Major von Fey enjoys everything in moderation.

He is an ardent Monarchist, working for the return of the Habsburgs.

ROYALIST REINS guide young Herbert Fey's education. He is brought up on the lines of an officer of the Empire. He attends the Theresianum—the school of the late Austrian Cadet Corps—and there learns his equitation—a speciality of pre-War Austrian military education. He rides with his father daily in the Prater

A VOICE TO WHICH AUSTRIA LISTENS: Major Emil Ritter von Fey

FACTORY of FLOWERS

The Big Business of Gardening

by CHARLES GRAVES

COMMON GRASS is uncommon to the nurseryman, who tests the infinite varieties with scientific care—and apparatus

THE MICROSCOPE is used to "spot" blemishes on each individual seed

EVERY DAY WE are beginning to understand more and more how much we have to learn from the Edwardians.

The return to favour of clarets and burgundies, of comfortable armchairs, of smoking jackets, long skirts, and now of gardens, are all part and parcel of our growing realization that the art of life is worth learning. To-day with telephones, racing cars and racing editions, the pleasure of a garden, of growing something yourself (even though aided by a gardener), becomes sweeter than ever.

No, I have not "gone rustic." I leave that to Cecil Roberts and Beverley Nichols, who are both cashing in heavily on their instinct that there was bound to be a swing back to Nature, however artificially manured. I am credibly informed that *Down the Garden Path* was the best seller of the year. It is probable that *Gone Rustic* will do even better.

There is a very good reason for this return to gardening. Wherever you go out of London, whether it is towards Addington, Sunningdale, Sandy Lodge, or Walton Heath, you will find hundreds of new houses being built, each with its own little garden. London, in fact, is becoming the centre from which radiate twenty or thirty new garden cities, all of them only a few months old.

The daily newspapers—always quick on the job—show their appreciation of this by running competitions for the best gardens. The result is that the great firms which supply seeds and so forth are doing better.

Every day 800 trains pass Raynes Park, and consequently the gardens of the late Mr. Carter. How often I have seen them from the carriage window I do not know. But it was only this week that my curiosity led me to go and prospect.

A GREAT EXPERIENCE it is to visit this "flower factory." To be truthful, the establishment at Raynes Park is more a storehouse, laboratory, and clearing house than a factory.

At this time of year as much as 50 tons of seeds will arrive, and a similar number depart every day; and it takes a great many seeds to make a ton. As a case in point, it takes *1,800,000 seeds of the streptocarpus—a greenhouse plant—to weigh an ounce.*

By contrast, the largest "seed" is that of the coconut.

To give an idea of what the turn-over must be, I was shown a brass filling measure, the tip of which had an area of a small hollow tooth. This, when filled, takes exactly 380 begonia seeds, the market price of which is 1s. 6d. But as usual, I am going ahead too fast.

The earliest announcements of this firm date back to 1804. At the end of the reign of William IV (1837), James Carter was established in a small shop in High Holborn. It was not until 1910 that the firm erected their specially designed buildings at Raynes Park. Since 1845 this firm alone has introduced more than 100 different kinds of garden peas. One of its biggest orders was for 150 tons of carrot seed specially ordered last century by the Indian Government to cope with a famine. This was delivered within fourteen days.

THE RANGE OF the firm's activities extends from that to supplying the grass seeds, and in consequence the turf, of over 100 golf courses, and advising 1,600 others from Selangor in Malaya to Göteborg in Sweden—courses, the subsoil of which vary from pure sand to green clay.

It is this firm also to which all golfers are indebted for its discovery of the first widely used worm killer, as a result of which it was possible to show the fallacy of the idea that it took three years to make turf, and 300 to make fine turf. At Walton Heath, for example, the course had the appearance of great age after only nine months. Racegoers have also been unconsciously indebted to this firm for the turf of many famous courses such as Ascot.

Not many people, and very few firms, would have the patience to spend thirty-two years in experimenting with a single type of mangold before finally making up their mind that it was marketable, yet this is what has just been done. Its name is "Quite Content." For Carters deal in farm root seeds in vast quantities, as well as in flower and vegetable seeds.

In particular, this firm prides itself on its testing. Four hundred seeds are taken from every parcel. One hundred undergo the entire germination test; another hundred are put between thicknesses of damp felt at a temperature of 60 deg.; another hundred are put in pots in frames; another hundred are put in damp fibre in frames. There is also a further trial in the open ground.

Out of doors at Raynes Park innumerable seedlings receive "trials." In the case of sweet peas, I am assured that it is lucky if two good varieties result from 300 trials. The trouble is that the Mendelian theory applies only to simple types. To-day, sweet peas, for example, are so cross-bred that the greatest expert cannot be sure until he has made a test whether the new species will return to type or not.

THE WAY THE FIRM works is this. It, so to speak, underwrites large numbers of farmers all over the country by sending to them approved seeds and roots of anything from a daffodil to a potato. In many cases these farmers have worked in co-operation with the firm for half a century or more. At stated intervals the firm's inspectors go down to make sure that the crops are being properly cared for. Then when the time comes, the new seeds are sent back to Raynes Park.

(Continued on p. 160)

GRADING is done at a great rate. Seeds are passed before the workers on a rapid conveyor-belt

On right—DAMP FELT forms the bed for experimental germination of seeds

PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE

GOLD FROM LEAD: Miss Annie von Hardtmuth, the greatest heiress in Czechoslovakia, daughter of a millionaire pencil manufacturer

PORTRAIT BUST by Donald Gilbert of Mr. St. John Philby, C.I.E., the distinguished traveller in Arabia and friend of Ibn Saud

BRITAIN IN FRANCE: Sir George Clerk, our new Ambassador in Paris, who will present his credentials to President Lebrun on May 2

BRITAIN IN ARGENTINA: Sir Henry Chilton, our Ambassador in Buenos Aires, with Lady Chilton, now on holiday in Cairo

MEN OF MUSIC: Sir Thomas Beecham (centre) with Dr. Erhardt and Director Hasait (in glasses) at work at Covent Garden preparing for the opera season to open on April 30. Sixty British singers will gain employment and more than 100 members of affiliated trades

A CROWNLESS CROWN-PRINCE: The Prince of the Asturias with his wife, a Cuban beauty, on holiday amid the ruins of Pompeii

MODERN YET MEDIEVAL: A page at the wedding of Lord Robert Crichton-Stuart and Lady Janet Montgomerie

IMPERIAL QUARTS!: Prince Ernst zu Windisch-Graetz, grandson of Franz-Josef of Austria, is a wine merchant of Vienna

"CHILDREN *through the* AGES" AT CHESTERFIELD HOUSE

"SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE": An old fairy story visualized. The blackbirds have escaped from the pie. The royalty dines off gold. The small chair was used by Elizabeth Gurney

"TOY TRAIN": This hooped wooden model is believed to be the oldest toy train in existence. Another exhibit—believed to be the oldest toy extant—was brought back from Ur of the Chaldees by Dr. Leonard Woolley. This model reveals something of the aspect of railway engines at the period of its creation

EARLY VICTORIAN MUSICAL-BOX: When a cord is pulled a tune plays; a train passes over the bridge, coaches appear on the scene, and the sails of the windmill revolve

THE BAD CHILDREN'S SCHOOLROOM: The demure mother returns to find a chair upset, books on the floor, a torn page crumpled, one child waving a stick, another holding a bottle of forbidden ink, and an atmosphere of wanton disorder judged by the stringent standards imposed upon the youth of 1841

"THE MUSIC LESSON": This setting—dated in the mid-eighteen seventies—was arranged by Mrs. Arthur Croxton who organized the entire exhibition. The music mistress wears a dress in Lyons velvet dating from 1873. The child on the right plays the triangle. The wax fruit *décor* beneath its glass shade in the centre of the side table is redolent of mid-Victorianism. The book is *A Manual of Elegant Recreations*—1859. The exhibition, which is on at Chesterfield House, contributes both a novel and an interesting feature to the attractions of London. Many notabilities have lent treasures to enrich it

FROM THE VICARAGE OF HAWORTH: Two of the dolls on the table in the foreground belonged to Charlotte Brontë. The parade of mannikins is a feature of the show

A PEWTER KITCHEN: This is of German origin—evidence of the influence of the Prince Consort whose great exhibition was contemporary—1851

FLANDERS, SEVENTEENTH CENTURY: A doll on a typical chair

BABY CARRIAGE 300 YEARS OLD: The influence of Grinling Gibbons and Inigo Jones is clearly perceptible in this elaborate though primitive "pram"

THREE SISTERS IN "THREE SISTERS": Miss Victoria Hopper (the Constant Nymph of screenland) as Mary; Miss Charlotte Greenwood (Six Foot of U.S. humour) as Tiny; and Miss Adèle Dixon (enchanting English modernity) as Dorrie at Drury Lane

PLAYS OF TO-DAY

By PHILIP PAGE

PARENTAL RELATIONSHIPS are becoming a little embarrassing on the stage.

The Barretts of Wimpole Street originally went rather further, I believe, in this direction than Shaftesbury Avenue audiences realized, certain alterations being made and a sort of buffer-state being decoratively and decorously introduced in the person of Miss Joan Barry, playing a niece. *Sixteen* shows us a young girl with a morbid and hysterical affection for her mother.

The clou of *There's Always To-morrow*, which has followed such healthy fare as naval and military farce at the Shaftesbury, is the equally morbid affection of a mother for her grown-up son. The situation is not intentionally unpleasant, though Lady Grace clasped and gasped at the young man with the fervour of a mature and sophisticated Juliet gingering up a reluctant undergraduate Romeo. She was rich, had a nice country house, and a pleasant second husband whom she professed she loved; but all became as nothing when that son came back from America.

Unfortunately, he brought with him a girl, and never did a woman welcome a prospective daughter-in-law (who really was a daughter-in-law, for they had been secretly married) in so sinister a fashion. With all the fiendishness of Dame Sybil Thorndike in *Double Door* she set about parting them. When this seemed likely to fail, she doped the girl's wine at a dinner-party so that she might disgust her husband. The girl became most unbeautifully drunk, Lady Grace was disarming and sympathetic, the local dean looked grieved in his gaiters, and the young man was weak-kneed enough to think it all very terrible and say so, instead of taking his wife up to her room with a lie about the heat and a head-ache at the first slurred syllable.

Only Lady Grace's husband spotted the truth. He put things to rights by telling the butler, an ex-actor and a war-time friend, to pretend to be drunk, presumably on the supposition that as long as the butler can get drunk too, a young girl's adventures with the bottle cease automatically to be reprehensible.

Anyhow, a happy ending is what the author was determined to secure, and the curtain fell on reconciliations all round, and a contrite Lady Grace insisting on accompanying her husband to Burma to fight some epidemic or other.

On the whole, rather an absurd business. The plot is held together by a mass of theatrical tricks which never quite come off, the obliging butler as a *deus ex machina* being the silliest trick of all. Mother-love run to seed has been used as the basis of a play before. But the idea would have been none the worse for that had it been treated in a serious and thoughtful way instead of stagily and superficially.

Miss Mary Newcomb had a difficult task in Lady Grace and had some good moments; but more often than not she was as artificial as the play itself, and was apt to adopt an intonation leagues away from any degree of sincerity. Mr. Austin Trevor was easy and dignified as her husband; I do not think he was destined to return from Burma, for if the epidemic did not kill him Lady Grace certainly would.

Miss Kate Cutler cleverly made some comic bricks with the meagrest wisps of straw, and Miss Viola Keats was remarkably brilliant and attractive as the young American girl. These two performances undoubtedly contribute redeeming features to *There's Always To-morrow*.

Besides, there's always the bar.

FINALE: August Bank Holiday on the River in 1924 forms the venue for the last scene of the spectacular Drury Lane production, *Three Sisters*, to which Jerome Kern has contributed the music and Oscar Hammerstein the book and lyrics

HIS CONSTANT NYMPH: Mr. Basil Dean and Miss Victoria Hopper whose engagement was announced a few days ago

"Battle Royal."—

The Embassy Theatre at Swiss Cottage has just celebrated its second birthday. I would that it had celebrated it more gloriously than by the production of *Battle Royal*, of which more anon, though not very much.

The important fact is that here is an outlying theatre which, overcoming many obstacles, is producing a new play a fortnight. Out of fifty plays the percentage of successes has been remarkably high, and not one play has been utterly and irretrievably bad. The more disappointing productions have been due usually to insufficient rehearsal and, in some cases, unwise casting. Many plays from the Embassy have been successfully produced in the West End, one of them, *Ten Minute Alibi*, an outstanding triumph and among the biggest money makers of recent years.

What I find curiously interesting is that Mr. Ronald Adam has now taken a West-End theatre, the Phœnix, as a subsidiary establishment to the Embassy, which he directs. A West-End theatre with a suburban theatre as a sort of chapel-of-ease would not have been a surprising arrangement. The position reversed is an indication of the strength of the parent-foundation. In no theatre in London, or in England for that matter, has theatrical activity been so intense and so useful to the drama generally as at the little Embassy. And —a small point though a significant one—at this theatre ***they employ a capable orchestra and not, as in certain more lordly establishments, a nasty mechanical contrivance.***

I fear Mr. Adam has not spotted a winner in

MISS JOAN MARION, starring in *Without Witness* at the Duke of York's, by the author of *Ten Minute Alibi* in collaboration

A Plague on all these Parents! : Morbid Maternity : "Battle Royal" Bids Fair to be a Defeat : A Cantor of Imperial Rome

RICHARD TAUBER'S FIRST BRITISH FILM: The famous Austrian tenor with Miss Jane Baxter in *Blossom Time*, the story of Schubert's life

Battle Royal, though I am told he had trouble with last-minute changes of cast through illness. The author, Mr. Kim Peacock, is a young actor and, like Mr. Noel Coward and Mr. Arthur Macrae, he writes of the world he knows. Unfortunately that is a world about which the general public cares precious little, and will only swallow dramatic doses of it with any degree of enjoyment if they are served up with exceptional skill and with real wit.

Mr. Peacock can be amusing at times, but most of his dialogue seems to be striving after enormous fun and rarely to get beyond the striving. The "shop" portion in which two middle-aged actresses squabble over a criticism one has written of the other in a weekly paper her husband owns; the talk of exits and entrances in a play they read, of publicity and the value of parts, have an authentic ring, though they make rather heavy going as farcical comedy. But the scene in the office of that weekly journal is frankly absurd.

Miss Mary Clare and Miss Mabel Terry Lewis are clever and experienced players, and on the whole did well as the squabblers. But neither gave an impression of being at ease, and certain "laughs" failed to "come off" for lack of proper "timing." (Since technicalities were so much in the air, I add, herewith, my contribution.)

By far the best performance was that of Mr. Eric Cowley as the paper-proprietor husband.

Connie Ediss.—Within a few days of the passing of Gerald du Maurier, plump, cheery Connie Ediss died. If she was at her zenith when singing such songs as "Oh, I Love Society" in musical comedies at the old Gaiety in the 'nineties, she was alert and genial almost to the end. She was funnier, I think, than I had ever seen her before only a couple of years ago in one of the Strand farces Leslie Henson produced.

Connie Ediss had a naturally humorous personality. But she was also an uncommonly clever actress, who by no means relied on luck for her effects, and she was a tremendous worker. I had reason to be grateful to her conscientiousness and her enthusiasm at the rehearsals of a musical play, *The Smith Family*, I wrote for the old Empire Theatre, Leicester Square. She took the part of Harry Tate's wife, and out of what, I fear, was a conventional character created something quite memorable.

AUTHOR OF "THE DARK HORIZON": Lesley Storm, whose play defied superstition and was presented at Daly's on the Friday of last week. In private life she is the wife of Dr. James Clarke and is here seen with her daughters, Shirley and Anne

"Roman Scandals."—Ever since Hollywood discovered Rome and at the same time the notion that Mr. Charles Laughton would be a good man to play Nero, it has shown no desire to let "the Eternal City" go. The surroundings of "Imperial Cæsar, dead and turned to clay," have now been recreated to make a Roman holiday for Mr. Eddie Cantor.

Mr. Cantor is a comical little cuss who relies for much of his humour on the incongruous circumstances in which he finds himself; the basis of most humour, by the way, being incongruity. As he is the last man in the world whom one would picture tackling a bull, they put him into a film about Spain and toreadors. He is now seen in a Roman chariot race.

Roman Scandals, whose *première* at the Leicester Square Theatre was the signal for the pompous hullabaloo which seems destined to accompany the launching of any new "talkie," shows Mr. Cantor as a village idiot who, for good reasons, finds himself back in ancient Rome. The space-time theory and the interesting experiments of Mr. J. W. Dunne do not account for this, for Hollywood is not concerned with psychical or metaphysical problems. Mr. Cantor is not in Rome as the two ladies from twentieth century Oxford were in the garden of the Petit Trianon in the days of Marie Antoinette; he was there because he had received a crack over the head.

He performs some astonishing antics, some of them really diverting, others merely silly. With such a wealth of opportunity Mr. Cantor's inventiveness, or that of his authors, producers, directors, photographers, etc., might have been a shade more lively. When he is at the top of his activity the film moves with a speed that carries one with it; when he is not it flags badly. However, there are expensive compensations in the form of magnificence—and in magnificence of form, for I am thinking of those nearly nude ladies who are chained to a wall, though duly Godiva-ed into decency by the wealth of their blonde tresses. Why every maiden in film-Rome should invariably look like Miss Constance Bennett beside her Hollywood bathing-pool I cannot imagine, unless it is that they all know Miss Bennett and all have bathing-pools.

Roman Scandals is a good enough entertainment, with dollops of sex-appeal. But in the same programme I was grateful to find, also, the work of a true genius, Mr. Walt Disney. *Funny Little Bunnies* is a worthy companion to that masterpiece, *Three Little Pigs*, and *Playful Pluto* is a Mickey Mouse creation which has hardly, if ever, been rivalled.

That the films have given this magical humour to the world is almost their sole justification, other than industrial.

(Cont. on p. 162)

IN HER TEENS AT 24! Miss Alexis France (Mrs. Michael Owan) who plays the 13-year-old child in *Sixteen* at the Criterion Theatre with brilliance

SHE SANG AS SHE DIED: Connie Ediss, the great Gaiety star and low comedy actress, who died last week

VERONICA TURLEIGH, the wife of James Laver who wrote *Nymph Errant*, and a star in *The Laughing Woman*

BOOKS

By CECIL ROBERTS

CONFERENCIER: Sir Henry Lunn, great churchman and fascinating autobiographer

INTELLECTUAL GIANT: Mr. Aldous Huxley—"who should never write another novel"

An Intellectual Giant; A Champion of Compromise; A Kaiser Apologist; and a New Love Story

THERE is a sense in which the novel is the supreme enemy of good literature. It has seduced untold numbers of excellent writers and turned them aside from their true subject-matter to the more remunerative and acclaimed field of fiction.

There is, even to-day, practically only one branch of literature in which the writer can hope to make an adequate income. Even in the writing of fiction his income, with a large degree of success, is never likely to be much more than that of a chemist in a corner shop. The Arnold Bennetts, of course, make small fortunes, but they possess a practical faculty that would meet with equal reward in hotel-keeping or shop-keeping, and their chances of a considerable fortune from such activities would be very high. Hence it comes about that shoals of authors swim into the feeding ground of fiction, and they accommodate themselves to conditions in which, necessity being the mother of composition, they evolve imaginary stories for hosts of weary people ready to live imaginary lives in the pages of a novel.

I account it a severe loss to our intellectual pleasure that Mr. Aldous Huxley should ever have entered the field of fiction. He is not, by aptitude or enthusiasm, a good novelist, or ever likely to be a really successful one. His novels have no centre, no design, his characters irritate their way through life, and are always oddities. His portrayal of human beings bears as little relation to life as does the monstrous corrugated iron, with which country cottages are sometimes repaired, to the natural thatch. Even so, he is an exciting novelist because he is always escaping from the straight but uneven path of fiction.

If you wish to measure the loss, both in knowledge and entertainment, involved in **Mr. Huxley's** prostitution to fiction I cannot suggest a better example than **Beyond the Mexique Bay (Chatto and Windus. 12s. 6d.)**. From the first page to the last of this enchanting book of travel one is conscious of the presence of an extremely intelligent mind, adventurous to a point of perversity, but a mind that reveals the development of the human brain at its very highest.

IT WOULD BE STRANGE if, suddenly, a certain section of the human race developed the capacity to grow twice life-sized. I have a sense of this miracle in reading Mr. Huxley's book. His mental height gives him a survey, an extension of vision, far beyond the capacity of the normally intelligent man. I would not explain it by saying he has genius. Keats, Shelley, and Wordsworth had genius but they were not always intelligent, and they were frequently prejudiced. Mr. Huxley is great by taking thought, rather than by inspiration or intuition.

He embarks on an ordinary pleasure cruise, on a ship facetiously advertised as "the giant hostess." It is sailing to the Mexique Bay, and the ship is filled by the usual respectable people who are mostly marking time until death puts a full stop to their diminishing activities, and carries legacies to the reticently waiting heirs.

> "After two or three weeks of a winter cruise, one would gladly exchange the widows, the bulging ex-stockbrokers, the smart but thrifty young kittens of forty, for a waggon-load of even the most diabolic children, for a wilderness of even the silliest undergraduates."

This is a trial, let us note, to the man of active intellect only. The chief merit of these cruises for many is that they put the mind to sleep. One eats, one sleeps, one looks, and there is no necessity to think. Sailing is really a form of sea-chloroform; the body breathes and feels not. But let us not be too superior. Mr. Huxley, devoted to the quest of the mind, is a little too scornful of these ordinary people who have earned their rest and have chosen the most pleasant, inoffensive holiday.

HE ESCAPES EARLY from the boat, is appalled by Barbados, and disappointed with the pitch-lake of Trinidad. But the call was worth the trouble if only to report that astonishing native concert, the Calypso Tent, a "free and easy" of which Europe has no conception.

It is part of the appeal of this book that Mr. Huxley ceaselessly goes off at a tangent. He will comment on birth control while walking down a banana grove. In Colon he discovers the advantage of a strict British attention to the marriage laws in keeping down unemployment. The Colon Government would repatriate its aliens but Britain fastidiously refuses subjects born out of strict wedlock, unlike other nations eager to increase its nationals.

In British Honduras we touch the tragedy arising from a generation which declines the splendour of Victorian mahogany and thereby raises the percentage of tuberculosis in natives underfed through unemployment; which leads Mr. Huxley to a subtle reflection that we can only exist with any comfort because we are ignorant of the far-reaching cruelties involved in a change of taste. Our metal furniture would strike still colder if we realized that, because of it, families are dying in British Honduras.

> "Knowing the effects on them, imaginatively realizing their sufferings, how could we resist their appeal? The final result would be a hopeless neurasthenia. What is true of mahogany is true of anything else. Excess of knowledge and imagination leads to a kind of paralysis."

SUDDENLY, IN GUATEMALA CITY, Mr. Huxley launches a richly merited attack on the editing of the fourteenth edition of the *Encyclopedia Britannica*. I have long failed to find words expressive of my contempt for this Yankee-Doodle version of a work of original scholarship. Among many aberrations, it gives an account of the negro singer Robeson, but omits, in the course of a three-column article on boy scouts, any mention of Baden-Powell, though an address by President Coolidge is inserted into the English section of the article. The responsibility of the English editor seems to have been almost flippantly observed, unless the American direction made his name a mere decoy. Mr. Huxley is scathing in his observations. "Editorial ineptitude could go no further," he says.

In the country of the Mayas it was natural that the author should speculate upon the astonishing vanished civilization of the Mayas. But he also speculates upon our own astonishing civilization in which he finds equally strange customs and creeds. Mr. Huxley has a mind that must be difficult to live with, but an hour in his company with this book enriches one beyond the sum total of ten years of ordinary experience. He represents the triumph of the mind over the mundane.

May he never write another novel. If I were a wealthy man I would endow him on this condition. The novelists are legion. There are but two Huxleys to carry the banner of interrogation in the face of a sophisticated world.

AT THE AGE OF SEVENTY-FIVE, **Sir Henry Lunn** has appropriately called his autobiography **Nearing Harbour (Nicholson and Watson. 10s. 6d.)**. What a voyage it has been, into how many ports he has sailed, what varied argosies he has carried, and how gallantly the last inch of sail is crowded on before a concluding wind of adversity!

There have been many Lunns and yet but one. There was the young Lunn who started in the lawn-tennis business, when lawn tennis was regarded with contempt. Mr. Lunn's first business circular went out in the first year of the Wimbledon Tournament. But that was a phase.

He decided to leave business and enter the Wesleyan Methodist ministry, and go out to India as a medical missionary. He went to Headingley College, and simultaneously commenced an arts course in Trinity College, Dublin. Thus Irish politics came into view, in the stormy days.

Then followed marriage and departure for India. A breakdown in health enforced his return to England. It looked like a life of invalidism. Actually the battle was just beginning. Hugh Price Hughes, William Stead, and the Fifty Club now loom on the horizon.

The story of the next fifty years is almost the history of the English Churches, with Dr. Lunn as liaison officer between the Established and the Nonconformist sections. In 1889 began that association with travel which has carried the name of Lunn across the world.

IT WAS DR. LUNN'S singular experience to be confirmed in the Church, and knighted in the same year. The union of Christendom was ever an ideal of Sir Henry. Early in his career he made a pilgrimage to Rome, to find his hopes dashed. Then Grindelwald was made the scene of a new raising of the banner, and again, after the War, there was the first Mürren Conference.

Religion, politics, and travel, the fullest conception of citizenship, and a firm belief in the spirit of conference and compromise—these things have occupied a life of ceaseless industry.

A redoubtable fighter, even now, in the closing years, he does not hide his views. There is a story here of the amazing Dr. Stidger of America, which must be read to be believed, and of the Rev. Dr. Norris, of Forth Worth, who shot his man at sight, and retained his pulpit. I recall seeing a queue in Forth Worth, Texas, anxious to pay a dollar a seat to hear the "Rev. Norris" preach. Dr. Stidger was proud to show where Sinclair Lewis had written *Elmer Gantry*. "He seemed to be delighted that he had acted as a kind of midwife to this horrible monstrosity."

Almost painful to read is Sir Henry's account of the Eighty Club's Jubilee dinner: "A dinner of skeletons, or rather of animated corpses," he comments. This long book is a vivid account of England, and its problems during the last fifty years; the race will not fail while it breeds men of such unselfish and untiring service.

MR. DANIEL CHAMIER'S book, **Fabulous Monster (Arnold. 15s.)**, is a review of the events and actions of the ex-Kaiser Wilhelm. It attempts the proof that Wilhelm was not responsible for the Germany that went to war. The maker of bellicose speeches, the utterer of indiscreet words, the prancing War Lord, the artist in dress parades, never intended any harm, and has been unjustly accused of driving civilization into the abyss of 1914.

Mr. Chamier is well versed and skilful with his facts, but the machinery creaks. "That he relied on divine help to perform the duties of his station, Wilhelm von Hohenzollern did not go a step beyond the theory taught to every English Sunday school child."

This is arrant nonsense. The Divine Right, and Inspiration of Kings, died at the Battle of Naseby. Mr. Chamier treads carefully in his narrative concerning the last hours of Wilhelm as Emperor. But nothing can gloss over the ignominious flight into Holland, after so much bombast. Those last hours in the villa at Spa present a picture of a vacillating, plucked creature, who had become of little consequence. In the post-War years the ex-Kaiser has conducted himself with dignity and common sense. How different would the history of the world have been had he maintained a similar silence and restraint in those years when his influence was enormous.

There is nothing new in this book to change the verdict of History. That verdict seems settled for all time, for the vast documentation of events, with which various Governments have bombarded the world in the desire to vindicate their actions, has done nothing to alter the belief and accusation that the ex-Kaiser hurried the disastrous event, though, at the final moment, he seemed appalled by the sudden wilfulness of his Frankenstein. No monster, indeed, as it hardly needs Mr. Chamier to prove, but a dangerous, irresponsible man who allowed vanity to carry him into a fanatical challenge of the Ordeal by Fire. That there were lovable aspects of the man does not invalidate the evidence too strongly against him.

I HAVE READ with considerable interest a first novel, **Belated April**, by **M. Reid-Jamieson** and **Nan Rose (Miles. 7s. 6d.)**. It is a love affair narrated with singular delicacy and much humour, but I wish someone had warned the authors against the severe handicap of the narrative form of letters. The epistolary style can rarely succeed. The number of masters in that form, in the English language, does not total a half-dozen.

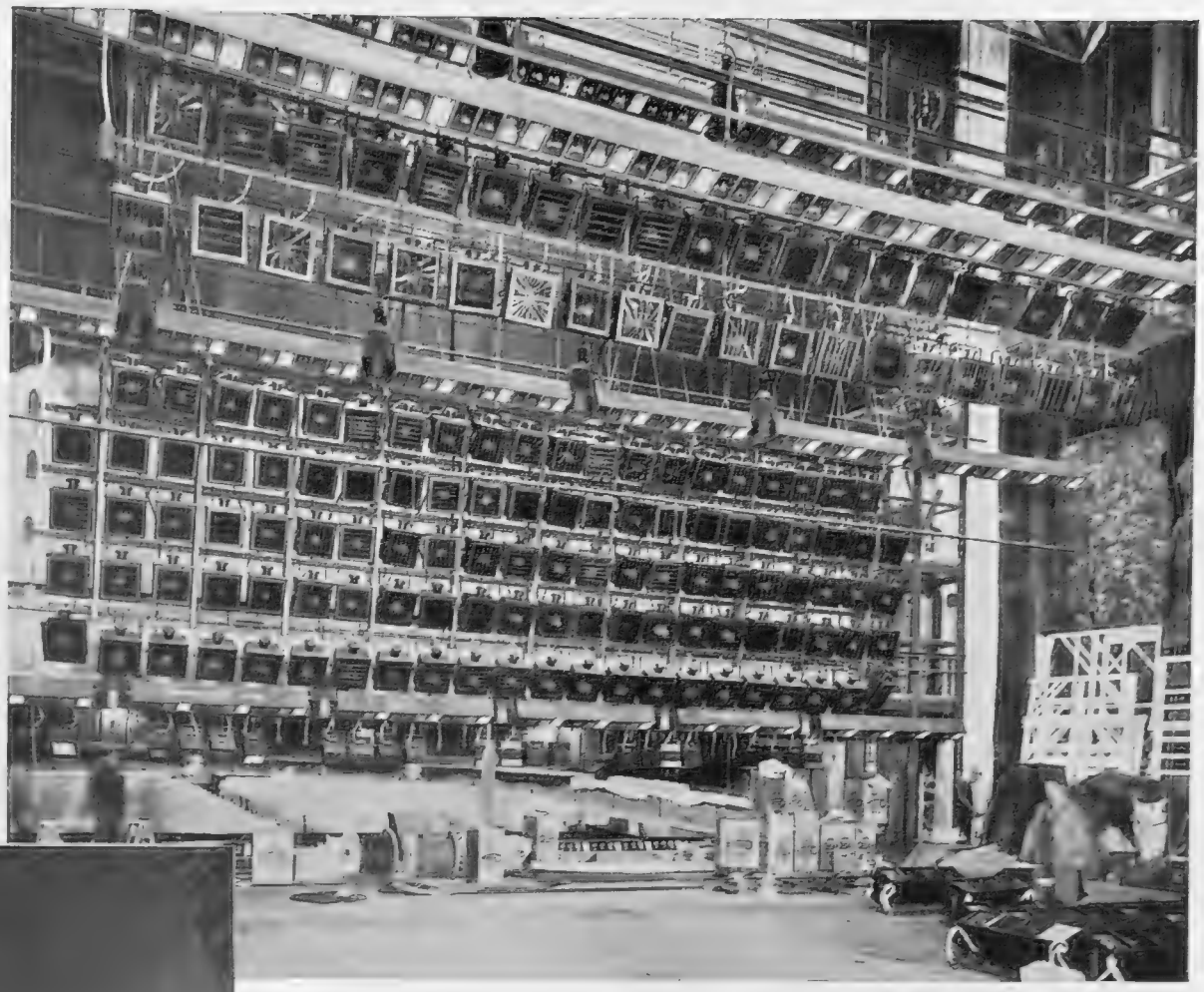
My irritation was only overcome by the freshness of view, and the innocence of a woman who was gradually drawn into a belated love affair. The advice of the judge in the breach of promise case—"Never write letters"—should be heeded by first novelists.

On page 160 of this issue will be found a complete index of published and yet to be published works of fiction, biography, etc., received by THE SPHERE during the past week.

NEW OPERATIC MECHANISM

At Covent Garden Opera House

SAFETY NETS BEHIND THE STAGE: The "lifting-bridges"—machinery for changing scenery—with the nets that, as the mechanism ascends, spread automatically in the event of anyone on the stage losing his footing



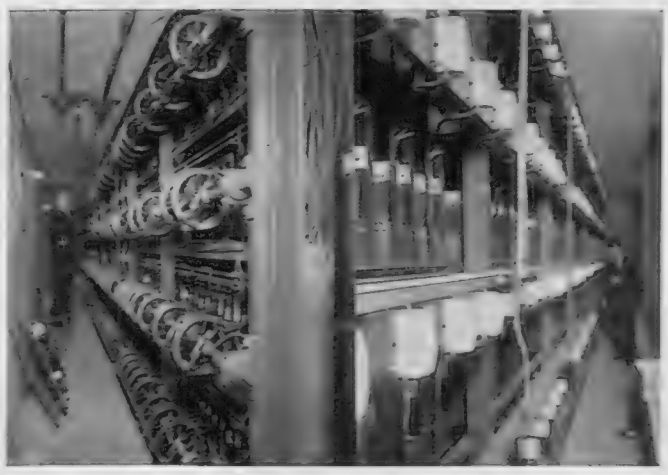
By courtesy of the Strand Electric Company

THE PAINTER OF HEAVEN! The enormous bank of three-colour Seecol floor lanterns which are used to obtain sky effects on the Cyclorama. The Continental system employs multi-coloured lights, but it has been found that "mixing" beams of the three primaries (the British method) is more effective. The new Opera House scenery and mechanism will be in use on April 30

THE CYCLORAMA: This acts as the back-cloth for certain scenes. It is drawn along a semi-circular girder by an endless steel-cored hempen rope which obviates the risk of crease or tendency to sag

REMOTE CONTROL: This device dims the lights. The 175 dimmers are all operated by this board 8 ft. above the stage. Dials tell the operator just how intense is the beam from any set of lights. This operates magnetically the dimmer bank seen below

THE FEMININE TOUCH: Miss Hasait, daughter of Mr. Max Hasait, the technical expert, sitting on a new "rock"



BEAUTIES of BAVARIA

A FAIRY CASTLE IN A SETTING OF DREAMS: Neuschwanstein, near Hohenschwangau, was built high up on a wooded hill-side for Ludwig II

ENSHRINING THE PLANETARIUM OF PTOLEMY: The German Museum in Munich

—by EDWARD E. LONG, C.B.E., F.R.G.S.

THE CHARM OF A HOLIDAY in the Bavarian Highlands is very great, and one of the chief advantages to be gained from choosing this region for the purpose is that it takes one naturally to the beautiful city of Munich, the capital of Bavaria, the ideal travel centre for viewing any part of Bavaria and, in particular, the Bavarian Alps.

Whatever your length of stay in Munich, you will find your days fully occupied, for there is so much to see — magnificent buildings, imposing squares and thoroughfares, art collections that are unique, fine old churches, in the Gothic, Baroque, Renaissance, and Rococo styles, and an old quarter, about the Marienplatz, which is highly picturesque.

Then there are the splendid parks, of which the English Garden is the largest, and Hellabrun, a "geographical" geological park, extremely interesting; beautiful palaces standing in lovely grounds, such as Amalienburg and Nymphenburg, popular resorts, notably that of Theresienwiese, and one of the finest botanical gardens in Germany; whilst facilities exist for almost every form of sport, and the reputation of Munich in the world of music and dramatic art is certainly sufficient to guarantee its visitors satisfaction in this respect.

The very best of accommodation is offered by Munich's many hotels, at moderate prices which are graded to suit all pockets, and there are excellent restaurants, where one of the attractions is the draught beer which is served, of the various brands for the manufacture of which Munich has a world-wide fame; a very popular excursion is a visit to some of the city's old breweries.

Situated on a plateau, over 1,700 ft. above sea level, astride the river Isar, Munich has a charming situation, and it is so open, and near to the mountains, that its summer climate is never too hot, being tempered generally by a refreshing breeze. Electric tramways provide an inexpensive method of viewing the city, and these are supplemented by a service of sight-seeing motor cars, whilst the environs of Munich, the beautiful Starnberger See, with its various resorts, Starnberg, Seeshaupt, Feldafing, Tutzing, and Berg; the Ammer See, with Herrsching, Schondorf, and Diessen; Steinebach, on the Wörthsee, and the Bavarian Highlands, are served by rail, and by a mail autobus service.

IT IS A WONDERLAND—this region of the Bavarian Alps which stretches from the river Salzach in the east, to the Lake of Constance in the west, and which is known as the Bavarian Highlands. Within it there is every variety of mountain scenery, high, snow-capped ranges, with glaciers of blue; conical peaks isolated in grandeur; lofty snowfields; wild gorges and water-falls; and placid mountain lakes mirroring the fantastic scenery about them. Huge moraines, relics of a past ice age, stretch across the heads of valleys, and flower-clad moors add their brighter tints to the picture.

On plateaux, at lower levels, and on the slopes of hills with easy gradients with wooded heights about them, are small towns and villages, picturesquely placed, with quaint old buildings, ancient churches, and castles that have cradled romance, and a countryside of peculiar charm, with a farm-house here and there of bygone times, and an old monastery to bear witness to a civilization honoured by time. Here, too, you will find a peasantry deeply attached to the old order of things, faithful to their ancient traditions, with a keen love for music and dancing, colourful costumes and customs, and religious convictions that are deeply-rooted, and manifest themselves in a simple pageantry which convinces because it is so sincere.

A SPLENDID TOUR of the Bavarian Highlands can be made from west to east, starting from Lindau, on Lake Constance, and ending at Berchtesgaden and the Königssee. Making first for Oberstdorf, some 2,764 ft. high, a centre with good sports and hotel facilities, one enters there a district dominated by the majestic peaks of the Allgäu, the Rubihorn, and the Nebelhorn, all connected by good mountain roads, and the Nebelhorn (7,297 ft.), rope railway from Oberstdorf which is the longest of its kind in the world, and passes on to Hohenschwangau, a fashionable summer resort with a glorious setting of high mountains and three magnificent royal castles, those of Linderhof, Hohenschwangau, and Neuschwanstein, the latter built in the Romanesque style by King Ludwig of Bavaria, amidst the beautiful scenery of the Pöllath Gorge and with a perfect mountain view.

Near Hohenschwangau is Füssen, picturesquely placed on high ground overlooking the river Lech, and with an historical old castle, formerly the summer residence of the Prince Bishops of Augsburg. From there the way lies to Garmisch and Partenkirchen, two first-class health resorts,

(Continued on p. 162)

MONARCH: Watzmann, highest mountain in the district, backing the charming town of Berchtesgaden

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau Offices of "The Sphere," 346, Strand, W.C.2, will be promptly answered

MOUNTAIN AND LAKE: The country near Oberstdorf is typical of the Bavarian Highlands. The rugged grandeur of the towering hills is softened by the charm of the varied flora

CHALLENGING THE WEATHER

In the Gayest of Prints when the Sun Shines, and Amusing Mackintoshes when it Rains

The most difficult thing about choosing clothes for an English summer, especially when one's wardrobe is not unlimited, is to guess what the weather will do. More fickle than Fashion itself, it complicates life considerably, though not to anything like the extent it did a few years ago, since we have become more practical, and designers of wet weather coats have grown so much more imaginative in their outlook

Let's begin optimistically and talk about the things we shall wear when the sun shines. Prints, first, last, and all the time, will be the most important item. They may be vivid or in delicately lovely pastel shades—fluffy or tailored—floral or geometric. Patou did one of the most interesting prints in Paris. In blue and white crêpe-de-chine, it was patterned with profiles of women's faces overlapping one another in alternate colours. The effect was bold and beautifully balanced, and it was only when one studied it closely that one realized the significance of the design

A short-sleeved coat and a long-sleeved dress are a very happy choice for warm days. Navy and white is the most popular colour scheme this season, and it is in these shades that the ensemble on the right is made. The simple but well-cut frock is trimmed with little frills, and the light wool raglan coat has short cape sleeves. This model comes from Lilla, of 7, Lower Grosvenor Place, S.W. 1. and costs 12½ guineas

The most interesting news about mackintoshes is that well-dressed women, after a long and faithful allegiance to all-white ones, are turning to colours. And how lovely some of those colours are. I have been seeing a new collection of Milwata weather-proofs, two of which are sketched above. For every occasion they seem to have the one perfect garment, from splendidly-cut and tailored mackintoshes in the finest quality black satin to the debonair Motspur seen above on the right. This sells at only 23s. 9d., in over twenty shades. Hand made in light-weight Indiana, the cape buttons across the shoulders and may be detached in a moment. Think what a boon it might be to a friend in need!

The mackintosh worn by the lady seated on the shooting stick is called Paddock, and is made in windswept crêpe-de-chine. Very light in weight, it is made in five attractive shades and has a satin belt. This costs 39s. 9d.

For garden parties there were spongeable silk coats in red and black or blue and black plaid, rubberized, and cut on the bias so that they are as slender as the dresses they protect. Cruising calls for all-British linen mackintoshes in almost any colour, fastened in true nautical manner with brass buttons embossed with anchors. They have wind-swept revers in checked silk, which sweep forward in a dramatic manner, and they are so gay that they would completely banish the disappointment that usually accompanies a wet day

PRIVATE TRAFFIC SIGNALS: The only individually-owned traffic lights in England have been installed in this garage on the Great West Road at Osterley to enable cars to set off on the main road again without fear of accidents

THE PETROL WORLD

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands, and "Sphere" Motoring Correspondent)

The subject of conversation amongst motorists is still the new Road Bill which is discussed almost heatedly wherever motorists assemble. The two bones of contention are the 30 miles speed limit and the test for new drivers. It will be interesting to see how much of the original Bill succeeds in running the gauntlet and becoming law. People who have anything to do with teaching motor driving are, of course, overjoyed at the thought of drivers' tests, but as I mentioned in these notes quite recently, the majority of people consider them futile and unnecessary. I would even go further and seriously suggest that the driving of the average motorist to-day is too good, and thereby indirectly causing accidents. Every day of our lives those of us who motor come across the walker or the cyclist who, sitting out well towards the crown of the road, takes absolutely no notice of the car's warning signal. If other road users had not experienced the high skill of motor driving, I feel perfectly certain that they would at least turn their heads round in the cases mentioned to see that their safety was not being endangered. Knowing, however, that practically every motorist will avoid them rather than hit them, they do not even turn their heads round to see what is coming. Such conduct is a wonderful advertisement for the average skill of the motor-car driver, but I feel that if other road users had not such a high opinion they would be less likely to take the risks that they do. It is, therefore, possible that if driving tests are instituted and the general public know that everyone sitting behind the steering-wheel of a car has passed an official examination, the risks taken by non-motorists will be even greater.

Owing to the fact that the R.A.C. have banned cars with superchargers from competing in the forthcoming Ulster T.T. Race quite a heated controversy has arisen amongst enthusiasts on each side. I am afraid that the position is rather painfully clear, and the facts should not be ignored. First of all, the T.T. Race is for standard sports cars as sold to the public, but which may be modified in certain definite ways. For many years superchargers have been permitted and, of course, cars of this description have carried off the premier award on nearly every occasion. The entries have become less and less each year, and so it was inevitable that the promoting body, the R.A.C., should take stock of the position. No doubt they felt that by letting supercharged cars, which are very few and far between in the list of standard products, compete they were discouraging makers of non-supercharged sports cars from entering. As a result of the R.A.C. investigations and questionnaires to those interested the regulations for the race this year definitely ban superchargers. I do not think there is the slightest use in arguing whether this action is in the best interests of the sport or not, it is far better to wait and scan the entry list and then to watch the actual race itself. If more entries are received and the race is no less exciting than of yore the change will be amply justified; but if the number of entries is really less than in 1933, and there is no compensating excitement in the event, then I reckon that next year if the race is run superchargers will once again be accepted.

If we motorists are disgruntled with one member of the Government, the Minister of Transport, there is another member of the Government who is in our good books. Naturally, I refer to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. It would be a very ungrateful individual who has not a good word to say for the person who in one fell swoop relieves him of one quarter of his car licence duty each year.

Whether the reduction will effect the desired result, namely, that of increasing our export business in motor cars, I cannot say, but the reduction will certainly have a good psychological effect on all motorists. Some people might think that now that the tax is to be reduced the makers of "baby" cars will begin to feel the draught. True, the man who thought he could just buy a vehicle with an £8 tax may now decide to purchase a 10-h.p. car, but we must not forget that there are thousands of people who considered £8 per year too much and, therefore, did not own a motor car at all, and these will now come in and join the ranks of motorists with a "baby" car because the tax is less.

It has always amazed me that people have paid, and I suppose always will pay, an absurd regard to the amount of the annual tax. In my opinion it is one of the most insignificant items in the motorists' annual expenditure. Still, there is no getting away from the fact that the amount paid in this way does definitely assume great importance in the eyes of the average motorist. The reduction which we have been granted will, therefore, do great good and will help to increase the popularity of motoring.

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FACTORY OF FLOWERS

(Continued from p. 148)

Here they undergo every kind of test. There are machines for separating the various grades; there are machines for winnowing the dust; there are even machines for polishing—beans, for example. There is a laboratory in which you see every kind of seed: the Calvary clover, for example, with red blotches on its foliage; Job's tears, and castor oil seeds. There are rows of girls picking out discoloured seeds at a fantastic rate as they stream towards them on an endless conveyor. There is a collection of five hundred different kinds of weeds, the worst of which, I gather, is our old enemy, the dock. There are experts who spend their whole time on cultivating new varieties of established species of flowers.

One curious piece of information I acquired was in connection with grass. Most of us think of it just as grass and nothing else. It would never occur to one that Perennial Rye Grass is divided up into Ayrshire, Indigenous Kentish, Victoria Danish, Hawks Bay, and dozens of other named varieties.

What is particularly interesting is that the demand among the small general public for bulbs and seeds has almost doubled in five years.

Moreover, the fashions in seeds apparently follow the fashions in furniture. The return to favour of oak has brought an immediate demand for marigolds and flowers of a similar colour. Ultra modern furniture a year or two ago created a strong demand for stocks and Darwin tulips.

To digress for a moment, the demand for arum lilies and lilac for cemeteries and wreaths has gone up tremendously. Apparently we are getting more demonstrative in our old age. It is certain that cemeteries are strewn with far more flowers than they used to be.

OTHER FASHIONS IN flowers are to be found in the almost total public disregard for balsam. Fuchsias and yellow calceolarias have also gone out completely. Geraniums have been superseded by antirrhinums. Despite all the music-hall jokes, however, the pansy is doing better than ever!

There is also a fashion in names; whereas a few years ago new varieties of flowers were called after cricketers like Jack Hobbs, politicians like Mr. Lloyd George, and prima donnas like Melba, the great firms of nurserymen have come to the conclusion that these names, though a laudable recognition of great people, convey nothing to the public in regard to the individual flower itself. So it is no longer going to be easy to have a flower called after you. Instead, more decorative—and descriptive—names, such as Flaming June or Sunrise, are the order of the day.

One of the disadvantages of being a seed firm, if you print your own labels—as you presumably do—is the length of the names, I gather that the longest in common use is Mesembryanthemum, though there are several others that are only beaten by a short head.

WHAT ELSE DID I learn?

Well, this firm sends out no less than 186 tons of catalogues each year, not including the rose and fruit tree lists. It provided the original grass seeds for Lord's. Its swedes are grown on farms as far apart as Surrey and Inverness, Kent and Fife.

On its regular list there are as many as 22,000 different labels. It has provided the turf on golf courses at Nice, and on polo grounds in the United States.

One final feature—so much care is taken over its products that even the potatoes are hand-picked.

THE "TRIPOTS" OF PARIS

(Continued from p. 138)

can't even help them when they're cheated. The law merely observes who wins and loses and what the bank wins (officially, the famous Greek syndicate operating in the higher reaches cleared 100,000,000 francs annually for ten years).

The danger is when these adventurous gentry forgather for other affairs, having first got acquainted in their "tripots," which latter then emerge as the proverbial sinks of iniquity.

Six of this crowd of "tripoteurs" are now held over Stavisky. They had been used to meeting and "making the combine" in cafés and bars and restaurants all the way up from the Madeleine to the Etoile. This is the happy hunting-ground of the new apache, a swell guy compared with his predecessor of the République quarter. In order to maintain contact with him (he is referred to as an "homme de main," which means that he is ready to take on any kind of sticky job against payment, even murder), the police chiefly employ the "ears" and conversational leads of coiffeurs, waiters, and barmen.

The trouble is that so many of this group seem to be up to the neck in this or that rotten combine too! As enumerated early on . . .

THERE IS NOT the slightest doubt that a basic clearing of highly dangerous riff-raff and social enemies of the worst kind is long overdue in Paris, and that it will have to be carried out if the city is to return to its former relative safety and self-respect.

An assault on the "tripots" may well be the beginning.

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THE FARMER'S LOT TO-DAY

(*Continued from p.* 132)

a farmer could make a living out of cattle, sheep, and corn, with the possible addition of hops or a bit of fruit. The farmers who are doing well to-day keep cattle, to make not money but manure. They keep, as well, some sheep and pigs, and a lot of pedigree poultry on highly scientific lines.

They grow peas and soft fruit on cannery contracts, tomatoes, lettuces, cucumbers, and other vegetables for the London market. Their farms are mechanized; they plan and plot the production of each individual unit with the greatest care.

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IN THE "DEPRESSED" areas of industrial Britain you will find amongst masters and men a spirit of courage, of resistance to dark despair, of determination to win through to a brighter future, such as will make you marvel. You will find the same spirit amongst farmers and farm workers.

Farmers grumble, just as soldiers grouse. They always have and they always will—but they stop when things are really bad. It is only the farmers, and those who work for them, who really know how near agriculture has been to complete ruin in recent years; and to-day, in spite of all their difficulties, they are convinced that better times are coming.

As one put it to me: "My father went through the 'hungry forties'; I've been through the 'hungry thirties.' *He* won through and made the land pay again, and I shall be ashamed of myself if I can't do the same."

It is only in the country itself, riding round with farmers, talking in the markets and corn exchanges, listening to the talk in the alehouses at night, that you can come to realize the basic cause of the depression in agriculture.

It is something more than the troubles of the post-War years, dumping, bad prices, and general depression. It is the decay of the great estates, the gradual elimination of the great landowner by crushing taxation and crippling estate duties, and the consequent destruction of the whole foundation of the agricultural system of the past.

It is common nowadays to hear people welcoming the heavy taxation of landowners, but it is very unusual to hear the sentiment expressed by a farmer or agricultural worker, just as the demand for land nationalization does not come from them.

THE DAYS WHEN there was always something doing "up at the Hall," when it gave work to twenty girls and men from the village, when the stables were full, when there was a real "harvest home" and a supper for all, when there were joints of meat or a fowl all round at Christmas and a great tenants' shoot on Boxing Day, when every barn and building was trim and tidy, every hedge cut and laid and sound at the bottom, every gate-post sound, and every gate on its hinges, when the squire was not only employer, but counsellor and friend, when acres of corn meant work for every man in the village—those days are gone for ever.

All over Britain great houses stand shuttered and empty. They are the symbols of a passing age.

I am sufficiently old-fashioned to believe that the nation as a whole will be the poorer for its passing.

BEAUTIES OF BAVARIA

(*Continued from p.* 156)

with large hotels and an interesting social life, and scenery of the finest, which includes the mountain lakes of Riessersee, Badersee, and Eibsee, the lovely gorges of Partnachklamm and Höllentalklamm, and the Wetterstein Range, with the peaks of Dreitorspitze, Alpspitze, Wettersteinwand, Kramer, the Zugspitze the highest mountain in Germany, the summit of which is connected with Garmisch-Partenkirchen by a mountain and wire-rope railway.

Next to Mittenwald, the highest resort in the Bavarian Alps, 3,608 ft., at the foot of the Karwendelspitze, a good centre for climbing, and with some fine old houses with frescoes; then on to Oberammergau, the village of the Passion Play, which celebrates its tercentenary this year, and to Bad Kohlgrub, at the foot of the Hörnle, a mineral spa, with chalybeate peat baths, near which are the Kochelsee and the Walchensee, the latter the largest and the deepest lake in Germany.

From here to the district Tolz–Tegernsee–Schliersee, a very popular tourist ground, with a wonderful panoramic lake and mountain view, which has inspired many a painter and poet, and wherein are Bad Tolz, a celebrated spa, with six centuries of fame behind it, but with modern hotels, kurhaus, and pump-room, and a charming view of the Isar Valley from the Kalvarienberg; Tegernsee, with a famous Benedictine abbey, dating from 712, and a ducal castle on the banks of the lake, where there are many charming summer homes; Schliersee, above which tower the imposing peaks of the Rotwand—the Brecherspitze, the Jägerkamp, and the Bodenschneid; and the quaint village of Bayrischzell, a convenient starting-point for ascending the Wendelstein, which commands some of the finest views to be obtained from any peak in Bavaria.

Farther eastwards lies the lovely lake of Chiemsee, with a beautiful view of the snowy mountains enclosing the Chiemgau, and on which is the Castle of Herrenchiemsee, built by King Louis of Bavaria after the model of Versailles, and with a magnificent interior, especially the Gallery of Mirrors; more easterly still is the world-famed Königssee, the King's Lake, enclosed by rugged cliffs rising perpendicularly from the clear waters in which they are mirrored, and with a glorious mountain background formed by the snow-capped peaks of the Schönfeldspitze and the Steinernes Meer.

Near by, amid lovely scenery, is the resort of Bad Reichenhall, a very fine spa, and close to the lake is Berchtesgaden, the queen of the watering-places of Bavaria, grandly situated, with an ancient castle once the residence of the Prince-Abbots of Salzburg, first-class hotels, a fine park, kursaal, and splendid facilities for sport, which include swimming-baths, tennis courts, and a bathing-beach on the shore of the Königssee.

PLAYS OF TO-DAY

(*Cont. from p.* 153)

"Dark Horizon."—Miss Lesley Storm's play at Daly's, *Dark Horizon*, is depressing, and meant to be depressing. I only hope gloom will not rob it of its chances of commercial success, for it is powerful and dramatic in its general effect, and the work of an artist and a sincere one.

Probably Miss Storm will be content if the lesson she teaches—the suddenness of the next war and the awful results of an enemy air-raid, before any ultimatum, on an almost defenceless London—strikes home.

There must be few who are unaware of the force of her argument, but it can bear repeating *ad infinitum*. It has no political significance, for the desire for peace and the detestation of the horrors of war (in this case gas, germs, water-poisoning, descending unawares on civilians) are not the monopoly of the Socialist Party, in spite of claims to that effect. It does, however, point out by the very nature of the "plot," the need for a strong, protective air force.

The main interest in the play is in that tragic final scene, when the occupants of a Kensington house are seen in a gas-filled basement.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

With reference to the Annual Meeting of the Society at the Queen's Hall, London, W., on May 15, at 3 p.m., at which H.R.H. the Prince of Wales will preside, there are still available a few reserved seats at 5s. and 2s. 6d. Early application should be made to the General Secretary at the Society's Headquarters, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

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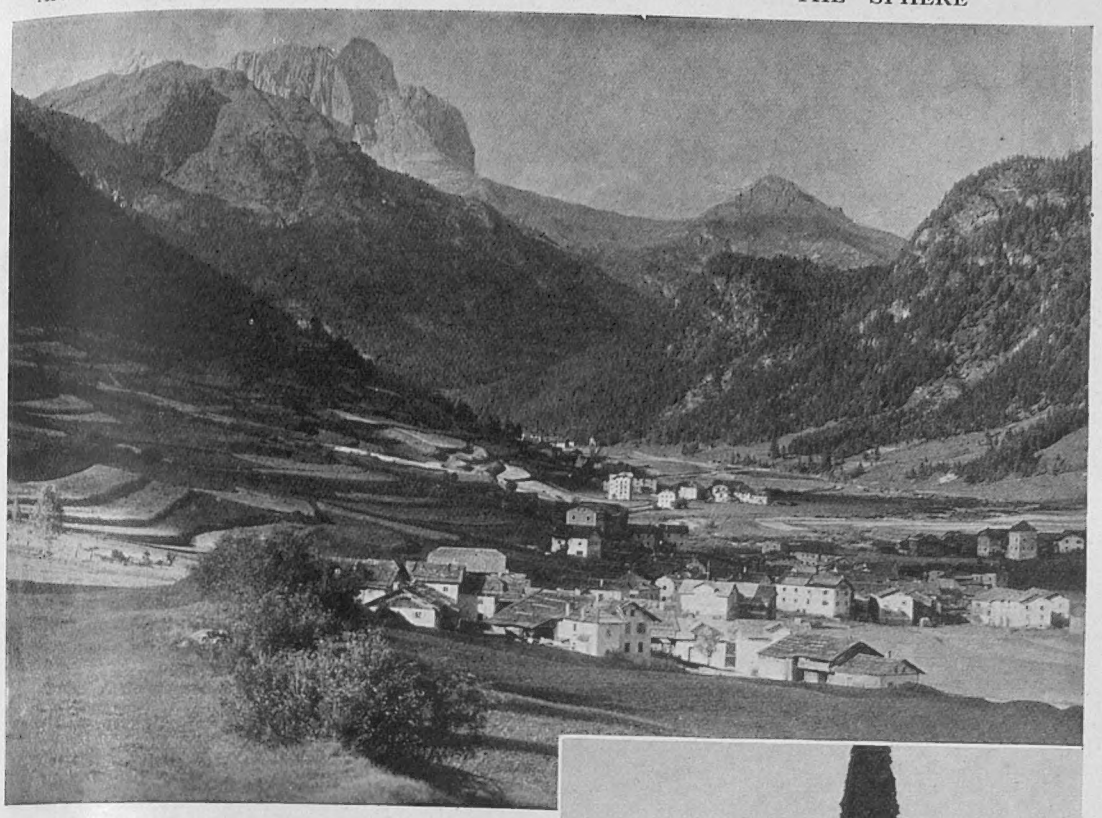

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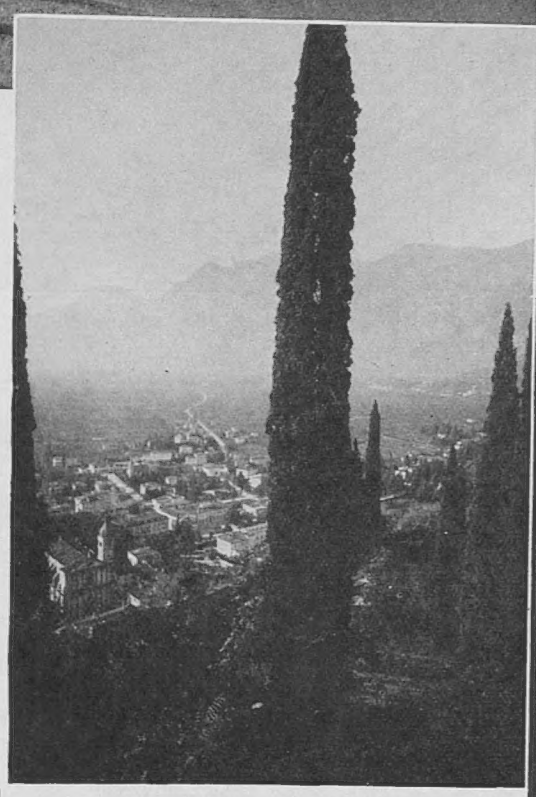

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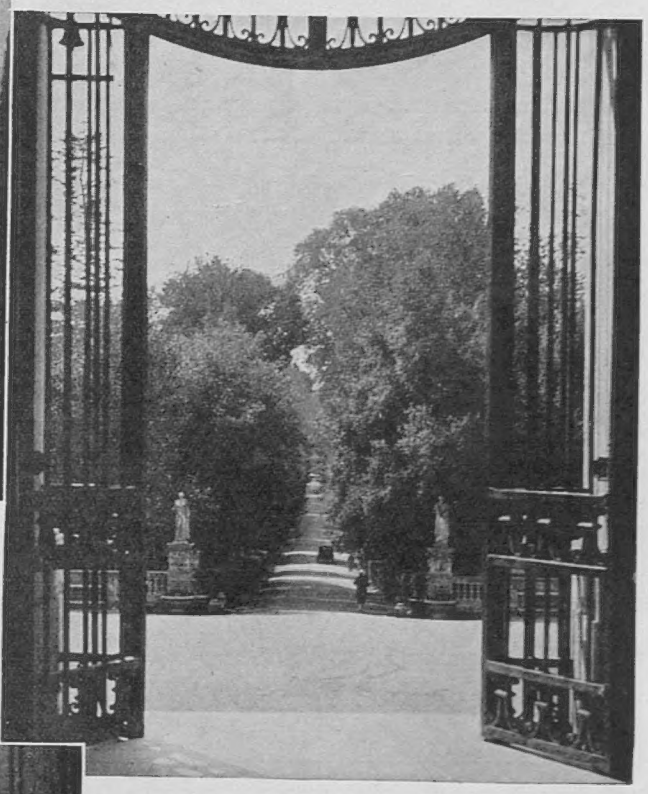

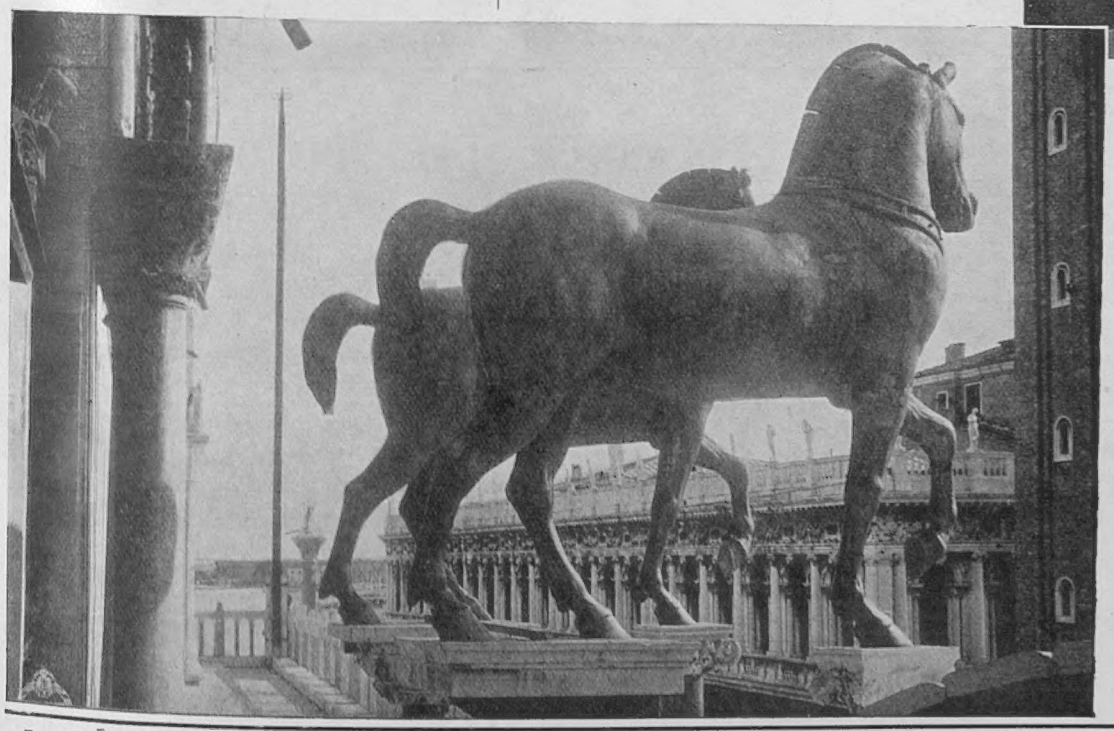

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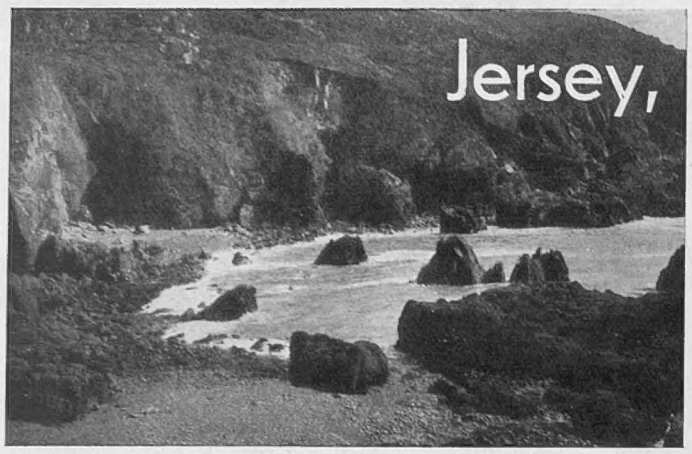

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In the matter of climate, the islands are particularly favoured, for they hold the record for sunshine amongst the resorts of the United Kingdom, and since they are so small they have the great advantage in summer of almost constant cooling breezes, which temper the heat and make the temperature delightful for outdoor life and exercise. Hotel accommodation is good and very moderate in price, with a wide range, and you have a choice of routes—either from Southampton or from Weymouth. In either case it is a night service, of from about seven to nine hours only (to Jersey), but from July 1 to mid-September the Weymouth service is a daylight one.

Although quaint customs linger there still, there is no lack of modernity in the Channel Islands in regard to provision for sport and amusement. There are public recreation grounds where tennis and bowls can be played, many of the hotels have tennis courts, and Jersey has two 18-hole golf courses and one 9-hole, and Guernsey one 18-hole course. Sea-fishing is good, and so are boating and sailing, whilst there is some of the most delightful bathing imaginable—from beaches thronged with gay crowds and from remote, romantic, rocky coves, amid the beauty of Nature. In St. Helier, Jersey, and St. Peter Port, Guernsey, you will find cinema and variety shows, dancing, and excellent open-air concerts in the season, and in each of the islands — Jersey, Guernsey, and Alderney — the greatly-varying scenery of the coast will enchant you, whilst inland you will revel in old-world farms and a countryside of special charm.

And then there are the rich historical associations of the islands—Mount Orgueil Castle and Elizabeth Castle in Jersey, the former besieged by Bertrand du Guesclin in 1372, again by the French in 1468, and captured by Cromwell in 1651, who mastered the latter, also Castle Cornet, in Guernsey, the last royal fortress to yield to the Commonwealth; and, in St. Peter Port, the house in which Victor Hugo once lived in exile. For the archæologist there are the megalithic monuments of both Jersey and Guernsey, and for lovers of beauty there are the cliffs and rocks of La Corbière, the caves of Plemont, and the valley of Grève de Lecq in Jersey; the bays of Saints, Petit Bot, and Moulin Huet in Guernsey; the Hanging Rocks in Alderney, and its lofty tableland with a beautiful view of the whole island and across the dangerous Race and its reefs to Cap de la Hague on the French mainland; whilst trips to the tiny and picturesque islands of Sark and Herm, the latter with a fine shell beach, and to the French coast, add to the other manifold attractions of the Channel Islands.

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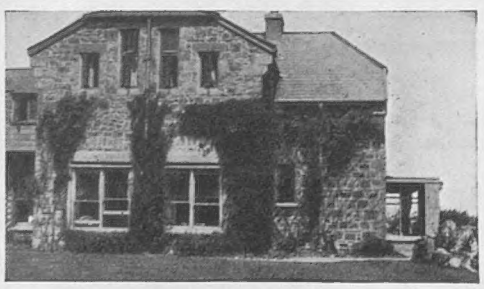

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TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK
Answers to Enquirers

G., Hants (Italy).—The leading hotels in Capri and Sorrento are the Quisisana in the former with full board, terms from 50 to 65 lire per day, and in the latter the Grand Hotel Vittoria with full board, terms from 60 to 95 lire per day. Before June 1, however, prices at both hotels are slightly higher. The island of Capri is exceptionally lovely, though Sorrento, and indeed the whole of the Naples Riviera, are hardly less beautiful.

H., Notts (Norway).—The round fare from London to Newcastle, Bergen, Oslo, Copenhagen, Harwich, and London would be about £13. This provides for 3rd class travel on the English, Norwegian, Swedish, and Danish railways, 2nd class on the boat from Newcastle to Bergen, and 1st class on the boat from Esbjerg to Harwich. For a stay on one of the fjords we would suggest Ulvik on the Hardanger fjord, where at Vestrheim's Hotel you would get terms for 10s. per day. The Norwegian State Railways can quote you a price for this trip which includes all hotel accommodation.

EXTENSION OF REDUCTIONS ON FARE TO ROME

It is very welcome news to hear that the Italian State Railways have now decided to extend to October 21 the privilege which all visitors to the Fascist Exhibition in Rome obtained during the past season, namely, the reduction of 70 per cent. on the Italian part of the journey. Visitors to the Exhibition will be afforded similar facilities on the return ticket to Naples. For instance, with this reduction the return 2nd class fare from London to Naples via Newhaven-Dieppe will be about £11 11s. These very low fares will doubtless tempt many people to spend their holidays at one of the many delightful resorts on the Naples Riviera, Amalfi, Positano, Sorrento, etc., not forgetting a two or three days' stay in Rome en route to see that city and visit the Exhibition which, we may add, is extremely interesting.

THE GRAND TOUR OF GERMANY FOR £20.

Messrs. Thos. Cook and Son, with their usual initiative, have recently issued details of a remarkable tour round Germany, at an all-inclusive cost of £20. This tour, which lasts for fifteen days, includes 2,200 miles of travel, provides for accommodation in really good hotels, and extensive sight-seeing in all the places visited, Berlin, Dresden, Bayreuth, Munich, Oberammergau (with seats for the Passion Play), Nuremberg, Dinkelsbuhl, Rothenburg, Heidelberg, and Cologne. Thus an intelligent survey of Germany is obtained, which combines much of the scenic, historic, and artistic interest of that country. There will be five departures by special train during the coming summer, each being strictly limited as to numbers. 2nd class travel is provided for on the Continent, with 1st class travel on the cross-Channel and Rhine steamers. It is safe to say that in this tour Messrs. Cook are offering the most outstanding travel value of 1934.

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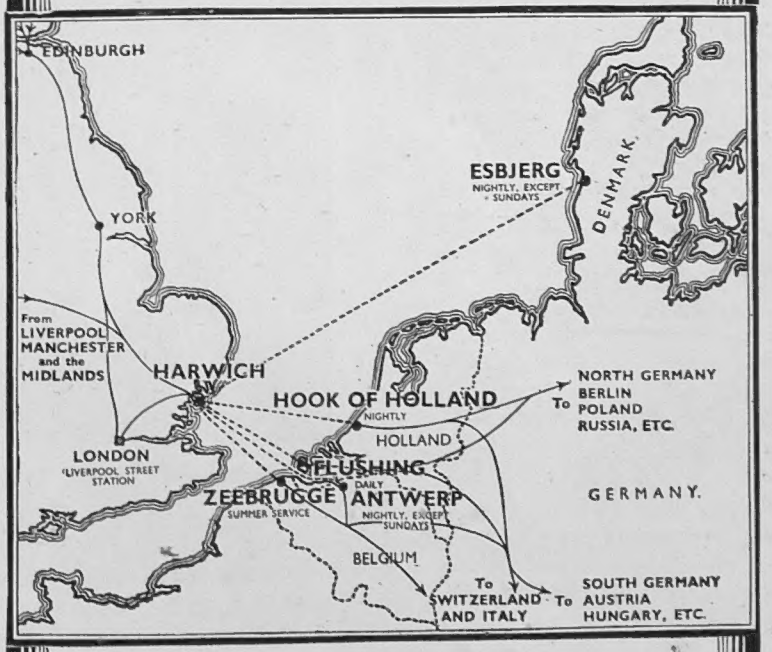

CHEAP HOLIDAY TICKETS

Full particulars from Continental Traffic Manager L·N·E·R, Liverpool Street Station, London, E.C.2 or Hull; 71 Regent Street, and 59 Piccadilly London, W.1; Wm. H. Muller & Co. (London) Ltd., 66 Haymarket, S.W.1, and 78 Moorgate E.C.2; L·N·E·R Stations, Offices and Tourist Agents

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Bad Nauheim.—"Der Kaiserhof."—First-class Hotel. Lge. garden fcg. baths & Kurpark. 150 rooms, 50 bathrooms. Pension from R.M. 11.

Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.—The ldg. Hotel. Wld-renwnd. Unique pos. on river. Grdn-Pk., Terraces. Grge. Man. Dir. R. Bretschneider.

Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest & most prfct htel-bldng. Select home of internat. Socty. & Aristoc. Man. by M. Hartung, Coun. of Com.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—1st-class family hotel. 300 beds. Medical bath. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pension from Mk. 8

Wiesbaden. — Palast Hotel. — First-class hotel opposite Kochbrunnen. Every possible comfort. Own bath-estab. Pens. from R.M.10.

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Palermo.—Villa Igiea.—On the Sea Front. Large Park. Golf Links. Tennis. Orchestra. Pension 75 Lire.

Taormina.—San Domenico Palace.—Alone of its kind—former Dominican Monastery of the 14th Century. Pension from 75 Lire.

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Geneva.—Hotel de la Paix.—On the Lake facing Mont-Blanc. Close to pier. Nr. station. Latest comfort. Quiet rooms from S. Frs. 6.

Lausanne.—Lausanne Palace—Beau Site Hotels.—De luxe at rsnble. rates. Ex. cuisine. Nicest posit. Park, Garage, Priv. Tennis, Golf.

Lausanne.—Belvedere Hotel.—Best position, first-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £5.0.0.

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